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MERCURY

UNESCO

*The UN's Brainwashing
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The Years of Betrayal

*Our Phoney War On
Communism*

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UNESCO — UN's Brainwashing Apparatus	<i>Harold Lord Varney</i>	3
Warning to Pecking Pullets	<i>Harry Thompson</i>	9
The Incredible Feathered Folk	<i>Vance Hoyt</i>	13
Our Phoney War on Communism	<i>John T. Flynn</i>	17
New England's Worst Shipwreck	<i>Marc T. Greene</i>	22
Courtship in Old Ireland	<i>F. H. MacArthur</i>	26
In the Mercury's Opinion	<i>Russell Maguire</i>	29
The Army's in the Railroad Business	<i>A. A. Hoehling</i>	32
The Years of Betrayal	<i>J. B. Matthews</i>	34
Did Lincoln Dream of His Death?	<i>Jerry Klein</i>	46
Man of the Mountains	<i>Edwin J. Becker</i>	47
Letter from Vienna	<i>William F. and Christiana Heimlich</i>	51
Of Dogs and Doughboys	<i>Russell Newbold</i>	55
Uncle Sam — The World's Prize Sucker	<i>Patrick McMahon</i>	57
An Answer to Dr. Mackay		63
I Restore to Nature —	<i>Kenneth Robb</i>	65
In Defense of Eleanor Roosevelt	<i>Nora de Toledano</i>	69
Man's Longest Scientific Search	<i>James Andrew Mayer</i>	76
Let's Treat the Russians As They Treat Us	<i>Alfred Kohlberg</i>	77
Boxing Casualties Can Now Be Prevented	<i>Bernard Rosenberg</i>	82
He Invented a New Country	<i>William Bancroft Mellor</i>	85
"Alma Mater" and the Great Owl Mystery	<i>Warren J. Brier</i>	88
Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Preaching Fullback	<i>Howard Rushmore</i>	89
Sound on Disc		93
A School Behind Prison Bars	<i>Josh M. Drake, Jr.</i>	95
Colombia — The Land of the Old and the New	<i>Julie Hatch</i>	97
Is Equal Justice Under Law a Myth?	<i>Lucille Britt</i>	99
Tokyo's Cemetery for Animals	<i>Beryl Kent</i>	103
The Discovery of America	<i>Aline de Grandchamp</i>	105
Do You Know That —		110
Poor Daddy!	<i>K. G. Merrill</i>	111
They Never Retire	<i>Harriet Smith Hawley</i>	113
Do I Know You, Partner?	<i>Calvin R. Starnes, Jr.</i>	117
Gourmet's Paradise	<i>Bayne Wilson</i>	121
Sore Feet Cost Money	<i>Albert Owen Penney</i>	123
Trapped — Ten Miles Above the Earth	<i>J. Gordon Vaeth</i>	126
Breakfast at the Elysée	<i>Norman J. Zierold</i>	129
Balding Heads of State	<i>James L. Harte</i>	133
The Legendary Cabbie	<i>Karl Hess</i>	135
Dollars for the Pennies in Your Pocket	<i>Harry E. Moeller</i>	139
To Hell With the Syllabus	<i>R. N. Farr</i>	140

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UN's Brainwashing Apparatus

WHEN such American-minded organizations as the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the D.A.R. feel constrained to condemn an international agency officially, it is time for the stop-look-and-listen warning.

The agency in question is the pretentiously named

By Harold Lord Varney

United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, better known as UNESCO. In a gallery of unpopular, money-wasting UN agencies, UNESCO has achieved the inglorious distinction of providing the comic relief. Its seven-year career has been a continuing regression into the realm of popular contempt and distrust.

Two schools of thought prevail on the UNESCO subject. One holds that UNESCO is simply a crackpot organization — a sort of international catchall for that most tedious of human specimens, the man with the fixed idea. There is much in the organization's history to confirm this opinion and yet it would be dangerous, we think, to dismiss UNESCO quite so casually.

The other view holds that UNESCO is a more serious menace to world intelligence. Those who hold this view, and the writer is one of them, see the agency as a cleverly manipulated scheme of the "one worlders" and the "planned society" addicts to indoctrinate the rest of us with their off-center ideas. The more closely we scrutinize UNESCO and the wide-ranging projects of its 800 "experts," the more admissible this indictment seems. UNESCO, in this light, looms as a vast international



brainwashing apparatus to prepare the world mind for a UN future.

The "crackpot" stereotype became attached to the organization during its first two years, when the famous Dr. Julian Huxley was Director-General. Dr. Huxley, an outspoken British Socialist, brought to the UN a prodigious reputation as a biologist, although his only previous executive experience had been the directing of the London Zoo — a job from which he had been fired.

An eccentric, as only a hobby-riding Englishman can be eccentric, Huxley was quite overwhelmed by the opportunities which UNESCO put in his hands. As a geneticist, he had long been a spokesman of the scientific school which elevates environment above inheritance as a determinant of human character. In social terms, the environment thesis has always been a favorite one with Marxists because it gives apparent scientific sanction to the change-the-world Socialist program. Its intellectual stronghold today is in Moscow, where, having purged the Mendelians (who emphasize inheritance), the Soviet Government has established an official genetic doctrine under the leadership of the "artist in uniform," T. D. Lysenko.

AT UNESCO, with a budget of approximately \$8,000,000 to spend, Dr. Huxley found full scope for publicizing his sectarian ideas. His two years in office were a frantic rushing about the world, reading

papers before learned gatherings, and discussing visionary projects with intellectuals more confused, in most instances, than himself. With a naïve trustfulness toward Russia, he saw nothing incongruous about staffing his secretariat with Communists and pro-Communists, even though Russia itself refused to affiliate with UNESCO or to contribute financially. One putative Communist, John Grierson, was appointed head of the Mass Communications Section of UNESCO. Grierson became too hot to handle after his name was brought into the Canadian atom spy case in 1946, and was dropped. Another top UNESCO man in the Huxley setup, with a startling Marxist background in England, was Joseph Needham, head of the Natural Science Section. At lower levels, numerous Communists and near-Communists entrenched themselves and are still there, for UNESCO refused to participate in the clean-out of Communists which struck the main UN offices in 1952.

The practical men among the UNers, who had ambitious plans for UNESCO, soon realized that Huxley was too heavy a burden to carry and he was eased out at the end of his two years. The Director-Generalship passed to the Mexican educator. Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, who was renowned as a bridge player but not as a social revolutionist, and who succeeded in running the UNESCC apparatus with less clashing of gears Under Dr. Bodet's quiet leadership

UNESCO began to take on its present propagandic contours.

Although UNESCO has staked out activities in eight general fields, most Americans are concerned primarily in what it is trying to do to the American public schools. Here, although the purpose is disguised in high-sounding double-talk, UNESCO is frankly trying to capture the mind of the next generation for "one worldism." With the striking example of how Communism has annexed the youth in Russia, and now in China, through classroom indoctrination, the UN is skillfully endeavoring to turn the public school into an instrument of internationalist mind-conditioning. Few parents realize how far UNESCO has already traveled in this direction.

The program was launched by the General Assembly in its Resolution 137 (II) of November 17, 1947, when the Assembly recommended to all member governments:

That they take measures at the earliest possible date to encourage the teaching of the United Nations Charter and the purposes and principles, the structure, background and activities of the United Nations in the schools and institutes of higher learning of their countries, with particular emphasis on such instruction in elementary and secondary schools.

By the resolution, this task was imposed upon UNESCO, with the added provision that the member nations must report to the UN Secretary-General at two-year intervals what steps they have taken.

As it now operates, the UNESCO school operation includes:

(1) Placing pro-UN subject matter in school curricula;

(2) Teacher indoctrination (in the guarded words of UNESCO literature: "the pre-service and in-service education of teachers concerning the aims, principles and achievements of the UN");

(3) Revision of textbooks (to eliminate matter disapproved by the UN and to include loaded pro-UN material);

(4) Cultivation of teachers' associations and private educational groups;

(5) Holding of seminars and conferences on UN-approved subjects, to which public school teachers are invited on an expense-paid basis;

(6) Building a propaganda program around United Nations Day and Human Rights Day in the schools, with souped-up exercises and ballyhoo;

(7) Development of "networks of volunteer helpers" — actually, an alerted group of busybody UN enthusiasts who will put continuous pressure upon the schools and teachers to carry out the UN program.

Although some of these ambitious programs are still largely in the blueprint stage, others are already well advanced in school systems.

One particular target of UNESCO has been the youngest age group of children. As pointed out in the UNESCO teacher-training booklet, *In The Classroom With Children*

Under 13 Years of Age: "These earlier years may be indispensable to the education of children for world citizenship."

A serious concern of the UNESCO school program is to "correct many of the errors of home training." UNESCO points out that "the narrow family spirit of the parents may, in fact, not only compromise indirectly, and in some degree, unconsciously, the eventual integration of the child in the human community, but it may also cultivate attitudes running directly counter to the development of international understanding." UNESCO planners see nothing extravagant in the proposal that the child, in the UN-indoctrinated public school, should be taught to despise his parent's social attitudes.

From this brief outline, the pattern of what UNESCO is trying to do in the field of education becomes apparent. It is not surprising that informed citizen groups have been fighting back against this corruption of the American school system by the UN coterie.

One city which sharply rejected UNESCO infiltration into its school system was Los Angeles. After a discussion which raged for over a year, Los Angeles' Board of Education on January 20, 1952, voted that there should be "no official or unofficial UNESCO program in the Los Angeles city schools, and the UNESCO chairmanships and central advisory committee shall be abolished." The

action was an unmistakable rebuff to Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, superintendent of schools, who was a director of the American Association for the United Nations. This action was followed by legislation by the California Legislature banning UNESCO programs.

Because so many of the top educators of the country have been tied in with United Nations propaganda and agencies, UNESCO has had things pretty much its own way in the American schools during the last six years. But its "one world" program is now running into an increasing ground swell of popular indignation, which is causing internationalist-minded school heads to take a second look at their position.

OTHER projects of UNESCO are similarly pointed toward American mind-control. Perhaps the most insolent undertaking is the plan to rewrite world history, in the spirit of internationalism.

Late in 1952, it was announced with fanfare that UNESCO had allocated \$600,000 to underwrite a new world history, in six volumes, which should eliminate "bias." One thousand scholars, working for five years, were to be recruited in this task. Its editor was to be Dr. Ralph E. Turner of Yale.

Dr. Turner's qualifications for writing history without "bias" may be judged from his profile in the widely read book, *God and Man at Yale*, by William F. Buckley. A

former Yale honor student himself, Mr. Buckley described Dr. Turner as "a professional debunker, a dedicated iconoclast who has little mercy for God, or on those who believe in Him, and little respect for the values that most undergraduates have been brought up to respect." Dr. Turner's teaching record includes an exit from the University of Pittsburgh faculty in 1927 after participation in defense activities for local Communist agitators. How a man of such a slanted mind could be expected to take the inaccuracies out of world history is a mystery to all except UNESCO brain trusters.

Aside from the fact that the proposal to write an official version of human history is a project that smacks unpleasantly of the Kremlin, the whole undertaking is a stern reminder to Americans of the authoritarian spirit which lurks under the façade of the internationalists.

Not less disquieting is the UNESCO attempt to establish an officially approved anthropology. Julian Huxley's shadow has hung heavily over this project. In his pre-UNESCO book, *Man in the Modern World*, Huxley foreshadowed the later UN attitude, writing:

It would be best to drop the term "race" from our vocabulary, both scientific and popular, as applied to man: and secondly, and more importantly for our present purpose, that until we equalize environmental opportunity by making it more favorable for those now less favored, we cannot make any pronouncements

worthy to be called as to genetic differences in mental characters between different ethnic stocks.

In this spirit, UNESCO promulgated an official "Statement on Race" on July 18, 1950, which came out flatly for miscegenation. "No convincing evidence has been adduced," said the statement, "that race mixture of itself produces biological bad effects. There is, therefore, no biological justification for prohibiting intermarriage between persons of different ethnic groups."

It is significant that the American member on the UNESCO committee which drafted this pronouncement was E. Franklin Frazier, who, until a comparatively recent date was a "council member" of Paul Robeson's (Communist) Council on African Affairs.

Whatever may be the ultimate scientific decision in the raging controversy on race divergencies, the fact remains that a formidable body of scientific world opinion rejects the Huxley-Boas-Frazier thesis of race identity. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that, in placing its official stamp on this disputed theory, UNESCO is trying to twist science to its purposes. In doing so it is committing a crime against intellectual integrity that even Hitler and Stalin would have envied.

MUCH of the momentum which UNESCO has attained in intellectual circles in America results from its political skill in mobilizing

"big names" behind its work. A "UNESCO National Commission" of 100 impressive names serves as American sponsor for its activities.

The names of the American UNESCO "set" are almost a roll call of the New Deal and Leftist intelligentsia. Its most influential American backer, since its inception, has been Archibald MacLeish, former Librarian of Congress. A Boston poet-politician, MacLeish played a major public relations role in the wartime Roosevelt official family. Close enough to the Communists to have earned seven listings in the files of government agencies investigating subversive activities, MacLeish was also versatile enough to be a speech writer for President Roosevelt.

MacLeish could probably be called the father of UNESCO, having dreamed up the project while in the State Department. The dominating personality in the conference at London in November, 1945, which launched UNESCO, he tried to put over his close political associate, Francis Biddle, as its first Director-General. British Labor Party pressure halted this plan, and forced Julian Huxley upon MacLeish and the Americans. MacLeish had to content himself with a backstage role during the succeeding years.

HOWEVER, he finally came into his own this year when his protégé, Dr. Luther Evans, was finally elevated to the Director-Generalship.

Evans, a Socialist and former lecturer for the Socialist League for Industrial Democracy, first appeared on the Washington scene in 1935 as one of the odd group, mostly Marxists, which clustered about Henry G. Alsberg in the American Guide project of the WPA. He won the interest of MacLeish, then riding high as Librarian of Congress and White House intimate, and was appointed to an executive post in the Library of Congress. When MacLeish was called away for other Administration assignments, Evans acted as his understudy and finally, in 1945, when the poet became Assistant Secretary of State, Evans was given the Librarianship. He attended the first UNESCO conference with MacLeish and has been a conspicuous figure in UNESCO activities since the start. His elevation to the Director-Generalship keeps the organization safely in Left-wing hands.

UNESCO is the nearest thing to a "managed" world culture that has emerged in this confused postwar world. Its skillful admixture of acceptable and noncontroversial projects with its coercive programs has disarmed many of its natural critics. The fact that some sincere and deserving men and women have penetrated its staff does not explain away the fact that its high command, since the beginning, has been steered by grim-minded men who are out to submerge American nationalism under a super-world administration.

BY HARRY THOMPSON

Warning to Pecking Pullets

ARE YOU hen-pecked? Does a dish towel wipe that contented look off your face? Do you have convincing answers for that eternal question: "Where have *you* been?" Do you get that one-night-out each week? And the few occasional kind words to which a husband is said to be entitled? If the answers indicate that you are the victim of attempts to rule the roost, then you are qualified for membership in the Husbands Protective Association, a

newly formed organization. It has for its purpose exactly what the name implies. As a member, a husband receives (among other things) —

One: New (and constantly revised) alibis for all occasions.

Two: The *Husband's Home Journal*, crammed with morale-building material, tips on how to get along with the little woman — and how to fool her.

Three: Sympathy (from the Association).

And you girls had better watch your step, because the *Journal* is going to print the names of all wives reported by members for husband-mistreatment — with details!

Before introducing Robert W. (Bob) Hensch of Newark, New Jersey, President of the Association, let's take a look at the first edition of the *Husband's Home Journal*. As to policy, it sets forth: "For quite some time now, the power and prestige of husbands has been



slipping and sliding. The HHJ intends to reverse this trend. This will take a bit of doing but our hearts are strong, our purpose clear, our numbers great, and we shall not fail. The HPA is a mighty organization and we are out to change the world. Our policy is to restore the husband to his rightful place as lord and master in his own home."

As we peruse the *Journal* we come upon the caption, "Washing Dishes Is Not For Us." The article asserts,

in part: "In too many American households, the husband is expected to help with the dishes. Nowhere in the world do men engage in this activity to the extent they do in this country. . . . Men are not cut out for this type of work. Furthermore, after working hard all day, a man is entitled to his rest and relaxation. . . . In grandmother's day the housewife considered the kitchen to be her exclusive domain and any man who entered while work was being done was asked to please keep out of the way. We have nothing but admiration for the women of those days. Instead of sitting back and envying the men of grandpa's time, this Association has decided to take action. Effective immediately, no HPA member shall use the dish towel under pressure. Wives who have persistently applied pressure in the past must cease immediately or run the risk of having their names published in the *Journal*."

A MOST interesting article in the *Journal* has to do with "How to Get Along With the Little Woman." It's a deep, dark secret, but we'll quote: "The man who wants to be the boss in his own home ought to assert his authority on the first day of marriage. The husband who expects to rule the roost should do it from the beginning — a strong and forceful policy should be adopted at the start and firmly maintained. Once he loses the initiative, he's in for trouble.

"So, you are in for trouble. You admit you were too soft and kind hearted at the start, *failed to beat your wife when it might have done some good*, and now have lost control of the domestic chariot. . . . You want to know how you can get back in the driver's seat. It's too late, of course, to use the direct approach; but you can regain your rightful place as master in your own home by following the procedure recommended by your Association:

"*Women can be controlled* but, in order to accomplish this seemingly impossible feat, it is necessary to keep one fact first and foremost in your mind, namely, that *women are not rational creatures* — if we try to reason with them we're lost. Sound reasoning and masculine logic mean nothing to women *because they think the argument is won by the person who has the last word and anybody who has been married as long as you have, knows who has the last word.*

"Instead of trying to argue (with the little woman), our Board of Domestic Strategy recommends that you give in to her on all the little things — and none of the big ones. If you use this system, she'll be happy because she has her own way most of the time, and you'll be happy to have your way on the things that really matter. *Most domestic issues aren't important anyway, so let her have her way ninety-eight per cent of the time.* If she tells you to move the furniture back where it was last week before she had you

move it to where it is now — move it. . . . If she wants candy and flowers, buy them. But if she wants to travel half way across the country to visit Aunt Minnie, or wants you to buy her another fur coat, *use your own judgment*. This information will work wonders for our members *so long as it does not fall into feminine hands*. Use it, cherish it, but by all means, *keep it under your hat*.”

“Alibiology” is the word created by the HPA to identify their “*science dealing with the creation and presentation of credible stories to be used by husbands in explaining unauthorized absences*.” An editorial in the *Journal* calls attention to a few facts of life, and is quoted in part: “‘Where have *you* been?’ can be, as every husband knows, a very troublesome question. It’s awfully inconvenient and disconcerting to have to explain those little absences. You’d think wives would realize this and stop asking those troublesome questions, but women show no regard for a man’s feelings. In fact, they seem to enjoy putting a man on a spot. This attitude makes it necessary for men to think up explanations and excuses and it isn’t always easy. Sometimes it’s darn hard to cook up a story that will hold water. Men don’t liked to be forced to fabricate and *we think wives who demand explanations are unfair, unfriendly, inconsiderate and uncharitable*.”

Now, about those alibis. Again we quote from the *Journal*:

“Taking first things first, let’s start off with a quotation from King Charles I, who said, ‘Never make a defense or apology before you are accused.’ History does not record whether Charles had the Queen in mind when he uttered that little nugget, but we think he did and we have decided to make His Highness an Honorary Member of HPA posthumously. The King no doubt meant that a husband should do no explaining unless the wife starts complaining, and that is one of the tenets of Alibiology.”

The *Journal* continues:

“In studying the principles of Alibiology, we find that some alibis can be used effectively over a considerable period of time. For example, you can work late at the office on the same night every week to take care of that weekly poker session during the winter months. Or you can take a night school course in a subject with which you are familiar — so that you can relate little incidents that could have happened in class — to substantiate your story. *Better attend an obscure school not listed in the telephone directory*.”

“*The occasional alibi* on the other hand is for one-time use and it is well to have a little stock of these on hand for emergencies. Don’t wait until you have had ‘one too many’ before you do your thinking, as alibis dreamed up under these conditions seldom, if ever, pass as good Alibiology, even though they may

seem to have merit at the time. . . .

"Sometimes your alibi will go over *even if she doesn't quite believe it*. If your story is good enough, she may admire your resourcefulness and let it go at that. The important thing to remember is that every good story should be put together in such a way that it cannot be checked up on; so be sure to include this vital ingredient if you want your concoction prepared in accordance with sound Alibiology."

So now we introduce the ogre — Bob Hensch, President of the Husbands Protective Association. Girls, he's a very good-looking man of 40 years, has dark hair and eyes, weighs 157 and stands a bit over 5' 8". In the Association's headquarters at 25 Manor Drive, Newark 6, New Jersey (that's the address you need to apply for membership), Bob grinned and, in answer to a couple of questions, opened up.

"American men make the best husbands in the world," he began. "They are kind, considerate and affectionate. No home is complete without one.

"Every single girl knows she must have one and thinks of but little else until she acquires one. Then what happens?

"As soon as the man says 'I do,' the situation begins to deteriorate.

The little lady who cooed and billed and told him how wise and wonderful he was, discovers he is no longer wise and wonderful. She tells him what to do, how to do it, and then gives him hell for not doing it right.

"He works hard to pay for all the things she wants and, when she squanders his dough on something foolish, he's supposed to say he likes it; otherwise, he's a brute. He must always pass out the compliments and show his appreciation, but compliments he doesn't get and appreciated he is not.

"The Association appreciates the plight of the married man and we are making every effort to make the going a bit easier for him."

"What prompted the organization of the Husbands Protective Association?" the writer asked.

"Oh, that?" grinned Hensch. "Well, it got started as a natural outgrowth of our Bachelors Protective Association."

"Your *what?*"

"The BPA — it's an old organization. Many BPA members got themselves involved in matrimony — through no fault of the BPA — and they soon found they needed protection as much as, if not more than, ever. HPA was founded to take care of the needs of former BPA members."



» We wedded men live in sorrow and care.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340?-1400)

Canterbury Tales: Merchant's Tale Prologue

BY VANCE HOYT

The Incredible Feathered Folk

BIRDS are incredible creatures in that there are few qualities and occupations in the human world which do not have a parallel in their own lives. They have worked out a marvelously well-ordered existence and fill multitudinous professions, from sanitary agents to prima donnas.

Woodpeckers are storekeepers; yellowhammers are owners of wine cellars; wrynecks are bakers of ant cakes. Some farm their own insects for provisions. Others maintain labor unions and military organizations. Their best fishers, such as the eider duck, can dive to a depth of four hundred feet, swallowing pebbles for ballast. The Artic goose likewise has conquered a seemingly impossible situation by developing a special sac in which she can hatch her eggs in the extreme cold of her northland.



Certainly the creatures of wing and beak have come a long way in mastering the art of living

since their reptilian ancestors first took to the trees and the air more than 150,000,000 years ago. During one state of their evolution there was an epoch of giant birds, such as the running eagle, seven feet high, and the terrible Hesperornis, a huge carnivorous and swimming loon-like creature with paddle-shaped feet. The last of these titanic birds, the moa or elephant bird of New Zealand, became extinct as recently as five hundred years ago. It stood fourteen feet high. The natives used to ship rum to Paris in its eggs, which measured three feet in circumference and held two gallons. The Kiais, a wingless bird with hair-like plumage, is its nearest present-day relative and the only bird known to possess true nostrils. It grunts like a pig and possesses powerful feet, which it uses as weapons.

But of the 25,000 forms living today, the ostrich of Africa, the



rhea of South America, and the emu of Australia are the largest. The ostrich is eight feet high and weighs up to 300 pounds. It is capable of disemboweling a man and can throw stones with its two-toed feet. On the other hand, the smallest living bird is the tiny purple hummingbird, no larger than the little brown bee.

Of all the nonhuman forms of life, birds are the most artistic and build the best-equipped homes. They are very particular in their personal appearance, constantly grooming their feathered coats. They all bathe daily in water or dust, and oil their feathers with a sebaceous secretion which they extract with their beaks from glands situated just above the rump.

With its saw-edged bill, the motmot of the tropics disfigures its feathers to improve the lines and shape of its tail. The nightjar and heron possess a toothed or serrated extra claw on the third toe which they use for a comb. The bitterns, the tanamou, and some hawks have powder puffs, patches of feathers on the breast and thighs that crumble into dust for drying purposes.

ONE of the strangest of all birds is the hoatzin of the Amazon Valley. It possesses thumbs with which to preen its feathers. This creature is the "missing link" between the birds and reptiles, as the duckbill of Australia is the "link" between the birds and the mammals. The wings of the hoatzin were orig-

inally forefeet or hands, like those of the lizard, and today its wing-joints still have thumbs and two fingers. By means of these it climbs around in trees, and rarely, if ever, comes to the ground. It generally goes in flocks and feeds almost exclusively upon leaves, especially those of the arum, which gives it a terrible odor that serves as a protective measure against other animals. For this reason it is commonly known as the "skunk bird."

Birds are, indeed, marvelous architects and interior decorators in constructing and carrying out a color scheme in their homes. The nests of the Baltimore oriole and the hummingbirds are pieces of art. The dioc of Africa is an expert in weaving color into patterns of its nest with red, brown and green mosses and grasses. The tailorbird, a species of warbler, sews together with plant fiber the edges of a broad leaf, or two leaves, forming a dainty little deep cup of living green, lined with thistle down and dried flower petals.

Some species, such as the gardener bird and hammerhead, landscape the immediate surroundings of their abodes with gaily colored shells, gaudy pebbles, dried flowers, rich feathers, and various bits of broken wood and pieces of red clay. The dwarf swift of Africa decorates the palm leaf on which she builds her nest by gluing her tiny babies on its surface, where they sparkle like living diamonds as they rock gently in the breeze.

The baya bird, a member of the weaver family, builds a veritable fairy palace composed of several rooms which are illuminated with the phosphorescent glow of living fireflies that are embedded in its walls. The cliff-dwelling swallow uses its nest as a hermetically sealed sepulcher when its mate dies. Flamingoes place their nests in shallow ponds where the female can fish while sitting on her eggs. The Australian mallee bird constructs a huge mound of gravel and vegetable matter, mixed with mud and straw, which produces sufficient heat to serve as an incubator to hatch its eggs. Its nest sometimes measures thirteen feet about the base and may be two feet high.

But the hornbill of Africa and Asia, exceeding two feet in length, is probably the cleverest nest-builder of all the feathered folk. This crafty bird, which possesses eyelashes and makes a noise like a train when it flies, chooses a hollow tree suitable for his purpose and serenely waits until his mate has started laying her eggs. Then, as she sits on the nest, he quickly seals her in the cavity of the tree with mud, leaving an opening only large enough to insert his beak when he takes food and water to her. There she remains, like a prisoner in her cell, until the young are old enough to fly, before he tears away the cement and liberates his captive. Canny Mr. Hornbill takes no chances with a philandering mom!

BIRDS are natural hunters and warriors, and their methods of securing food and protecting it from their enemies are as unique and varied as the species. Among the true hunters are the hawks, eagles, owls, and nightjars. Some, like the osprey, are born robbers and hijackers. Others, however, are more subtle in capturing their prey. The gray pelican and cormorant exude a musky odor to attract fish. In both China and England cormorants have been tamed and used for catching fish in the same way falcons are trained to hunt in the air. A leather strap or ring around the neck prevents the bird from swallowing its prey.

The oyster catchers, such as the courlan of Florida, feed upon oysters and clams and are able to open the shells with their powerful bills. In some localities the courlan is known as the lamenting bird or crazy widow because of a pitiful cry the female utters at nighttime. The little rosy bee-eater of East Africa rides upon the back of the bustard quail in order to spy upon and catch insects, in the same manner that the oxpecker or rhinoceros bird rides on the backs of big game to garner ticks and flies.

Paradoxically, game birds are the greatest warriors, such as the cock pheasant and grouse that fight to the death. The small purple martin will attack the great black eagle, dropping upon its back and clinging there like a leech until the marauder flees

in sheer desperation from its range. Even so tiny a winged veteran as the hummingbird will not hesitate to attack a hawk.

The most terrible and bloodthirsty of the avian killers, however, is the kea parrot-eagle of New Zealand. This veritable despot hunts in great numbers like hungry wolves, attacking sheep, cattle and horses.

BUT of all their incredible accomplishments birds excel in the arts of flight and song. Those of the sea, such as the albatross and the frigate, are the greatest aerialists. With wings that measure from ten to fifteen feet, these master bird aviators will follow a vessel for days without once alighting on the water. They soar among the clouds like giant airplanes and can breakfast in Senegal and dine in America.

In their sustained flights, birds show a well-developed sense of time, place and distance. For 169 years the swallows of San Juan Capistrano, California, have flown away from the old Franciscan Mission each year at dawn on San Juan's day, Oct. 23, for their winter homeland. Where they go no one knows, although legend has it that they winter in the Holy Land.

But one thing is certain — that they will return the next spring at sunset on St. Joseph's day, March 19, with clocklike precision.

When birds took to the air, their esthetic endowment was further enhanced by voicing their joy of

flight. Not all, however, became master musicians. Some are still incapable of uttering harmonious sounds. The little red-breasted "guid-guid" of Chile barks like a dog; the albatross' screams sound like the bray of an ass; the bittern bellows like a bull by holding its beak in shallow water; the pinnated grouse howls like a coyote; the umbrella bird of South America blares like a trumpet; the red tunqui grunts like a wild pig; the macaw screams like a monkey; and the parrots, crows and ravens chatter in imitation of any sound they hear.

However, all singing birds have distinctive vocal characteristics peculiar to the individual as well as to the species. The Baltimore oriole sings briskly as he dashes off his song of only one phrase — a perfect little melody. The robin sings with an eager insistence that suggests breathless haste. The brown thrasher delivers his notes with earnestness and emphasis. The cadenzas of the veery, the serene largo of the wood thrush, the more joyous adagio of the hermit thrush are, to certain natures, the consummation of song.

But of all the bird voices, few can compare with the little canyon wren of our western states. Its outburst of musical notes descending the chromatic scale is indescribably beautiful.

Surely the birds are our brothers in the arts. How lifeless all nature would seem without their gorgeous plumage, the whirr of their wings, the glory of their matchless songs!

By JOHN T. FLYNN

Our Phoney War On Communism

NOTHING in this world of mysteries could be more puzzling than the position of our government on the subject of Communism. President Eisenhower seems to be quite clear about the threat of Communism to world peace in Europe, Asia and Africa. Indeed, he has taken up his position as the great leader of the world war on Communism. But when we get around to Communism and Communists in the United States, the President seems to be not only uninterested but actually takes assaults on American Communists as a personal affront. In the war on world Communism,

he is a roaring lion. In the war on Communism at home, he is a critical and muttering lamb.

One explanation suggested as being at the root of this phenomenon is this. Attacking Russia is popular. She has no friends. But, more important, our war on Russia is the root of our prosperity. Those three-and-a-half-million men in the armed forces and those far more numerous millions of workers in the war industries, all supported by grinding taxes and murderous borrowing, explain the all-time-high national income popularly known as "prosperity." The politician in power needs Russia

in his business. It is Russia which provides him with the excuse for the taxes, debt and prosperity. The President can take a deep interest in an enemy on which our phoney boom is built. When he turns his attention to the enemy in our midst — which he does only when aroused — the case is different. The weapon to be turned on the Communist in Europe and Asia is guns and armaments. The Communist in America must be handled differently. He must be handled gently, understandingly and, above all, we must never call a Red a Communist or call a Communist a Red. The sword, the jet plane and the bomb for the Communist in Europe. But in America — the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

The truth is that fighting Communism in Europe and Asia is a political racket. Playing footsie with the Communist and his foggy dupes at home is equally a racket. The President himself is doubtless a conscious and even enthusiastic champion of fighting Communism abroad. The origin of the tolerance racket for Reds at home is a little more obscure. The President now has a split political personality. He is, of course, in one phase of his official existence, the perfect “model of a modern major general” with preference for weapons for solving economic problems. In another phase he has become an educator, a college president, a member of the guild of the intellectuals where, under no

circumstances, is he to be found infringing the code by warring on ideas — even Communist ideas.

IS THERE an American so naïve as not to know that the vast inflation and boom on which this nation has been floating for the past fourteen years is built wholly on the ugly business of war? Whatever may be said in defense of that war is permissible only up to 1945. From that point on, the war has been a strictly phoney war. I do not mean that small sector of it known as the Korean War was phoney. But it was the dark and sinful product of the shocking foreign policy of the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. What Russia has surrendered to her by our government. And as long as Russia stands there as the central devil squatting on these vast concessions surrendered to her by Messrs. Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, this government has an excuse for our adventure in militarism to keep three or four million men in the armed forces and another eight or ten million in the arms industries. This accounts for the spending of forty billion or more in American business enterprises and continues as the only basis of our phoney prosperity. And all this we do in the holy cause of fighting Communism everywhere in the world — except, of course, in America, where it could really be fought without spending more than a few dimes.

On this subject of the Communist

foe abroad, the President can wax eloquent and even weepy. As late as last October 6th, he told the gathering of churchwomen at Atlantic City of the dread peril of Communism in the world:

"We and our friends in the free world must build, maintain and pay for a military might assuring reasonable safety from attack. From this position of secure confidence we must seek to know and respond to the legitimate aspirations and hopes of all people."

Thus the war on world Communism went on in the great auditorium upstairs. But downstairs in another hall, a widely known preacher, giving a series of morning lectures, was instructing the ladies. This gentleman is the author of a book in which he said:

"When Christianity lost nerve and despaired about historic hope, Marxism maintained the faith. When Christianity lost faith in man, Marxism held that man could know a new classless day and a force-free society."

He added that there was more faith in Marxism than in actual Christianity and continued:

"Marxism might be God's means to Christian fulfillment in history. Much blood may have to flow and much witnessing may have to be done through martyrdom, but in the long run we can do everything for and nothing against the truth."

LET any brave man, like J. B. Matthews, who knows this dark

subject as few men do, write, as he did in this magazine, a terrifying warning about the infiltration of the ministry by Reds, and the President loses no time in joining the smear on the author.

What is the origin of the President's strange myopia on this subject? No one accuses him of being a Red or even a socialist. On the contrary, the one great remaining dream of his life seems to be to lead a host against the Red legions all over the world — as if Communism, which is a social disease, could be whipped by armies. The President does not seem to realize that militarism is a social disease and that it was the effort of the old Germany and France and Italy to bolster their economic systems by militarism supported by government debt that brought all these countries to the brink of bankruptcy in 1914, and then into war to escape the insoluble problems they had created by their folly. He does not seem to know that militarism bankrupted Germany, France and Italy twice in fifty years.

How, then, are we to understand what it is that makes this strident and challenging anti-Communist warrior in Europe and Asia so sweetly tolerant of Communists and their dupes right here in America? The explanation can be found first in the nature of the man's interests and in certain human relationships which have disarmed him. General Eisenhower is a military man who

up to a few years ago had no interest whatever in political or economic affairs. He had never voted in his life until he left the Army and became president of Columbia University, when he voted for Dewey for governor but did not register any political affiliation. Politics and economics were just not his meat. To him, Communism is apparently not an enemy philosophy but an enemy country — Russia. He apparently knows little or nothing of the economic and political problems involved in Communism.

Along with this he finds himself in an embarrassing position. He owes everything he is or has to Roosevelt, Truman and George Marshall. Lifted from a lowly rank to be General of the Army, he would be less than human if he did not have a warm spot in his heart for these men who lifted him so high. President Truman offered him the nomination for the Presidency and there is good reason to believe he would have taken it if his counsellors had not warned him that 1948 was not a Democratic year. He is today a rich man — another fact he owes to Mr. Truman and his Internal Revenue Department. He wrote a book which he sold for \$750,000 and got a ruling from Mr. Truman's Treasury under which he was able to escape a huge chunk of taxes. Thus he retained twice as much of this rich sum as any other author would have kept. Had I written a book which grossed \$750,000, I would

have had to pay about \$610,000 in taxes. Eisenhower escaped on some theory that he was an amateur author, as if amateurs could have money income.

AS AN EXAMPLE of his ingenuousness, he engaged a ghost writer to assist him in this venture, a professional journalist who has been identified by Whittaker Chambers, Louis Budenz and Hede Massing as a Communist. And since that time the President has had two ghost writers who were New Dealers. Not only did he get this rich tax treatment at the hands of Mr. Truman's administration, but his financial interests in these affairs were superintended by such a stalwart New Dealer as Joe Davies of "Mission to Moscow" fame.

It can be readily seen that as the sins of these old friends pop up for public inspection, he is troubled, puzzled and embarrassed. He would like to hear the last of it all. And his most recent utterance on the subject was that he sincerely hoped Communism would be a dead issue by the time the 1954 Congressional elections rolled around.

This explains his strange behavior toward Senator McCarthy and his even stranger behavior in the Harry Dexter White case, which was handled by his own Attorney-General and the man who managed his campaign for the Presidency — Herbert Brownell. He stepped completely from behind Brownell when the

Attorney-General exposed the fact that White was a Communist spy and was retained in office and promoted by Truman after the FBI had given him a full warning of White's espionage activities. One might have supposed that the President would have held his peace and given Brownell an opportunity to make good on his charge. Instead he told reporters he disassociated himself from the charges and he actually had to hold his temper trembling on the very edge of a passion.

He said he disapproved issuing a subpoena for Truman and gave him a clean bill of health before the hearing, saying that it was inconceivable that Truman had knowingly done anything in the White House to damage the United States. He sought to give the whole episode a black eye. He told reporters we "must not destroy what we are attempting to defend." And, to continue the verbatim report of his press conference, "so just as earnestly as he believes we must all fight Communism to the utmost, he believes we must always fight any unjust, un-American way of uprooting them, because in the long run, he thought we would destroy ourselves if we used that kind of defensive."

WHAT did he mean by this vague sentence? How do we fight Communists? Certainly not by appointing them by the hundreds to positions of power in the policy-

making departments of the government. The President doesn't agree with Senator McCarthy. But what method does the President have in mind to get rid of Communists? How do Republican administrations get rid of Democrats and how do Democratic administrations get rid of Republicans? Apparently Communists enjoy some special immunity in this strange new order. Senator McCarthy fights Communists in government in return for which the President continues to snipe at him.

I return to my theme that we are carrying on a phoney war on Communism. Russia has won the global war with our complete assistance and blessing. She has Poland, Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Eastern Germany and Albania. Yugoslavia is Communist. Russia shares with us the rule of Austria. She has Mongolia, Sinkiang, Manchuria, China, the Kurile Islands, Sakhalin. What is left of Europe is sunk to varying depths and England, France and Italy are getting pretty well sick of us. Communism, with our aid, has been triumphant over half of Europe and half of Asia and there is nothing we can do about it. The Communist world, however, is good as an excuse to spend billions on military might in a phoney war all over the world, while our President carries on his own little war on those who fight Communism in America.

New England's Worst Shipwreck

BY MARC T. GREENE

THERE is no doubt that Captain Hollis H. Blanchard was at fault, but in just what fashion and to what extent has never been determined. He went down with his ship, in company with all the other 176 people on board the Boston-Portland side-wheel steamer *Portland*, on the night before Thanksgiving Day, of the year 1898, in one of the worst storms ever known on the New England coast.

The run from Boston to the Maine metropolis is hardly ninety miles. No mishap had ever before attended it. The *Portland*, though a sidewheeler with narrow hull, and guards extending a couple of yards on either side, was almost a new vessel. She had been built at Bath only half a dozen years before, and it is well-known that in those days "Bath-built" meant the highest standard of ship construction and marine craftsmanship. She was 300 feet long, 42 of beam and 11 of draft. She was, of course, wooden, but her wood was the best quality of seasoned oak. She carried a crew of 68 and on her

last voyage had 108 passengers. Most of them were Maine people with business interests in Boston, going home for Thanksgiving.

The *Portland* left Boston about seven o'clock. An hour before that time John F. Liscomb, General Manager of the Portland Steam Packet Company, owners of the vessel, telephoned Captain Blanchard.

"The weather looks bad up this way, Captain. The reports are that a bad storm is working in from the northeast. The glass is falling. I wouldn't risk it tonight."

At the inquiry, Liscomb said that Captain Blanchard sounded "kind of truculent" when he replied that he had promised to be home for Thanksgiving, that he never yet had missed a trip on the Boston-Portland run and that he "thought he could beat the storm." Anyway, he proposed to try.

Asked if he hadn't the authority to forbid the sailing, Liscomb admitted that he had. But Blanchard was an old and trusted employee, a proven seaman and — incidentally

— a stockholder in the Company. The General Manager “didn’t feel like overriding him.” Yes, the skipper was a stubborn and self-willed man, a typical Yankee master-mariner of the old school, recognizing no authority but his own.

This was borne out by the testimony of men in the Boston office of the Company. The agent there had called the Captain’s attention to the barometer and to the weather reports. The Captain had — the witness hesitated here until pressed by the Commissioners — well, he had as good as told him to go to the devil. Was there anything in the widely disseminated rumor that he had been drinking? Not so far as the agent had noticed.

WHEN the *Portland* left her wharf, the weather bore an ominous aspect. Snow had begun to fall. The wind was rising, shifting from southerly into northeast. The barometer on the wharf had stood at 29.05, a drop since sunset of .45; and it was still dropping. By midnight it was 28.35 in Boston and the wind was fifty miles an hour, with thick snow.

Where was the *Portland* then? Nobody will ever know. On the way down Boston Harbor she had passed the ship *Kennebec*, which had left an hour earlier, returning to her wharf. She was of similar construction to the *Portland*, but smaller and older. Her captain had whistled what he intended to be a warning of

bad weather outside. “We passed the *Portland* not more than fifty yards off,” he testified, “but for all the attention she paid us there might have been nobody on board.” The *Kennebec*’s master added that he was “appalled” to see the other boat standing out into the gathering storm.

Outside the harbor, near the Graves Lighthouse, the steamer *Mount Desert* coming down from Maine and already making heavy weather as she frantically sought shelter, passed the *Portland* about a mile distant, recognizing her only by her lights, since by now it was dense darkness. The *Mount Desert*’s skipper said that she seemed to be “pitching heavily.”

However, she apparently stood on until abreast of Thatcher’s Island Twin Lights, off Cape Ann. She passed, as was the usual custom, between the headland and the Londoner Ledge, a quarter-mile off. Here the Gloucester fishing-schooner *Maud S.*, running for harbor under almost bare poles, sighted her. But at 11 o’clock another Gloucester fisherman, the *Grayling*, also running for port, saw the *Portland* lights twelve miles south-by-east from Thatcher’s. The fisherman’s captain testified that the weather was by then “very heavy,” about the ultimate to which a Gloucester skipper of those days would ever commit himself.

But what was the *Portland* doing south of Cape Ann? It was evident

that she had changed her course. Why? The conclusion of expert opinion was that she was trying to turn in a wide circle against the wind so as to try and make Gloucester harbor. About this time two other Gloucestermen, running in under storm-trysails, sighted her. They were the *Florence E. Stearns* and the *Edgar Randall*. The latter was close enough to the steamer to note that, as Captain Pellier testified, "her super-structure seemed to us already badly damaged. She was taking heavy seas which looked to be breaking clear over her. By this time the squalls were as heavy as sixty miles an hour. It seemed to us as if the *Portland* was done for. But there was nothing we could do about it. We didn't more than just make port ourselves."

Nobody knows how far north the *Portland* got before her ill-advised skipper decided to try and run before the storm. Apparently in the turning she was swept by mountainous seas and, among other damage, suffered the destruction of her rudder and steering-gear. That meant, of course, that she was now entirely at the mercy of the seas and destined to drift before them until they tore her to pieces.

THUS during that terrible night she was blown all the way across Massachusetts Bay until, as the Captain of the Race Point (tip of Cape Cod) Life Saving Station thought, he heard her whistling some

time shortly before daylight the next morning.

How the imagination quails before its vision of that awful night on board the doomed ship as she slowly disintegrated in the storm! It was the worst storm on this coast of the entire nineteenth century and took toll in a single night of no less than 141 vessels, with a loss of life of 465, including those of the *Portland*. Yet there were ships that lived through it. Most notable was the Portland-New York steel ship *Horatio Hall*, 3500 tons, which hove-to from midnight until noon the next day. Captain Albert Bragg stated that it was the worst storm in his experience. "All night it was touch-and-go with us," he said.

But no wooden vessel with narrow hull, wide guards and lofty top-hamper could hope to survive.

During the forenoon of the following day the storm abated somewhat, the snow ceased, and there was sufficient visibility so that the people at the Highland (Cape Cod) Light thought they could discern the shape of a steam vessel some miles off in an easterly direction. Captain Michael F. Hogan, of the Gloucester fisherman *Ruth Martin*, who had been hove-to through the night in a little shelter below Peaked Hill Bar, also thought he saw the *Portland* through the lull. But presently the storm commenced again worse than ever, and so did the snow.

Wreckage began to come ashore

early that evening. The wind held high, around forty miles an hour; it was snowing heavily, and the temperature had fallen to nearly zero.

Immediately the wreckage was identified as from the *Portland*. By midnight it was strewn the sands of the "back side" of Cape Cod from Race Point to Peaked Hill Life Saving Station. It was probable that the *Portland* had begun to break up some distance northeast of Cape Cod and that her shattered hulk had finally grounded on the dreaded Peaked Hill Bar.

EVERY MAN from the life-saving stations along the Cape was by now patrolling the beach, and a guard from the Peaked Hill Station was the first to discover a body, that of George Kenniston, of Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

Curiously enough, other wreckage now began to mingle with that of the *Portland*. Notable among it was some from the New York-Bangor (Maine) iron steamer *Pentagoet*, also lost with all hands in this terrible storm. It was the view of some people that the two had collided, but that was improbable since the *Pentagoet's* course lay a hundred miles off Cape Cod. Two four-masted schooners, the *Addie E. Snow* and the *King Philip*, went down nearer the Cape, and from wreckage drawn up from time to time through the years in fishermen's nets, the theory has been suggested that the *Portland* and the *King Philip* were in collision

some time during that dreadful night.

The loss of the *Portland* in what is still referred to on the northern New England coast as "the *Portland* gale" would, then, appear to be not only New England's worst shipwreck but also New England's greatest marine mystery. For more than half a century there has been speculation, considerable of it in printed form, as to what happened on the doomed vessel from the time when, in obvious desperation, Captain Blanchard tried to turn her about in the hope of making harbor somewhere, or at least of running before the gale. At what time of the fearful night did he make this attempt? How much damage had been done his ship by then? At what time, and where, was her steering gear incapacitated, which left her entirely at the mercy of the storm and so to all intents and purposes lost? When and amid what scenes on board did her company finally realize that there was no hope for them? How did they take the realization, and was there wild panic or did the passengers meet their fate with the calm of most of those on the *Titanic*?

There is no answer and therein lies the mystery. How and when did the end come, and what were the scenes attending it? All that is definitely known or that ever can be known is that the *Portland* set forth, with her 176 passengers and crew, into a tumult of frenzied waters, and that every soul aboard perished.

Courtship in Old Ireland

By F. H. MACARTHUR

THERE WERE curious customs in Ireland two or three hundred years ago. Dueling was at its height, all controversies being settled by force of arms rather than by law. There were even dueling clubs, but stranger even than these was the Abduction Club, an association which was formed in the south of Ireland, whose members bound themselves by an oath to assist each other in carrying off young girls. When a girl was thought worthy of being carried off, the members drew lots or tossed up for her. The members of the club were mostly the younger sons of respectable families who had little or no fortune, however, and greatly desired wealth.

They were called "squireens" and wore red waistcoats lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches, and top boots. Their agreeable manners made them quite popular with the peasantry, who were always ready and delighted to assist in their perilous enterprises. The forcible abduction of a woman was certainly an outrage, but an outrage so agreeable to the spirit of the time and so congenial to the ardent and romantic character of the people that it was considered an achievement creditable to the man and a matter of exultation to the woman.

In 1707, forcible abduction was made a capital crime. But the law proved ineffective because of a prevailing belief that the offender was not liable to punishment if the woman abducted *him*. Hence the girl in most cases mounted the horse first, and assisted the young fellow to mount behind her.

Nearly always the girl would manage to get word to her sweetheart as to the most convenient time and place for forcibly abducting her. Frequently, when a young lady was carried off really against her consent, by the time the dashing ride was over she was found to be completely reconciled to her abductor, so that prosecutions bore a very small proportion to the number of offenses.

One memorable case was that of Catherine and Anne Kennedy, the daughters of a widow living in the county of Waterford. Catherine was fifteen and Anne fourteen years old. Both were bewitchingly lovely and accomplished girls, and each had been left a fortune of two thousand pounds, a large sum at that time in Ireland.

Garret Byrne was a handsome, dashing, careless, good-tempered young fellow, and a great favorite with the fair sex.

James Strange was also a young

man of fine personal appearance, rollicking and jovial but dissipated and irritable. These two friends had often met the Kennedy girls, and they had fallen in love—Strange with Anne and Byrne with Catherine. The girls returned the love so entirely that they invited the boys to abduct them.

IT WAS arranged that the abduction should take place at a small town where the girls had gone to the theater. After the theater was out, Byrne and Strange and some friends made an attack upon the house to which the Kennedys had gone for the night. Down into the streets the girls were taken to waiting horses. Catherine was placed before Byrne on one, and Anne on the other, before Strange. They rode all night.

In the morning a halt was made and a priest summoned, but Anne had now changed her mind and refused to marry Strange, declaring that he had abducted her against her will. This so infuriated Strange that he struck her in the face with a pewter mug which he had just drained. It was some five weeks before she forgave and married him, Catherine having already become Byrne's wife. The girls were then restored to their friends, and the strangest part of the matter occurred.

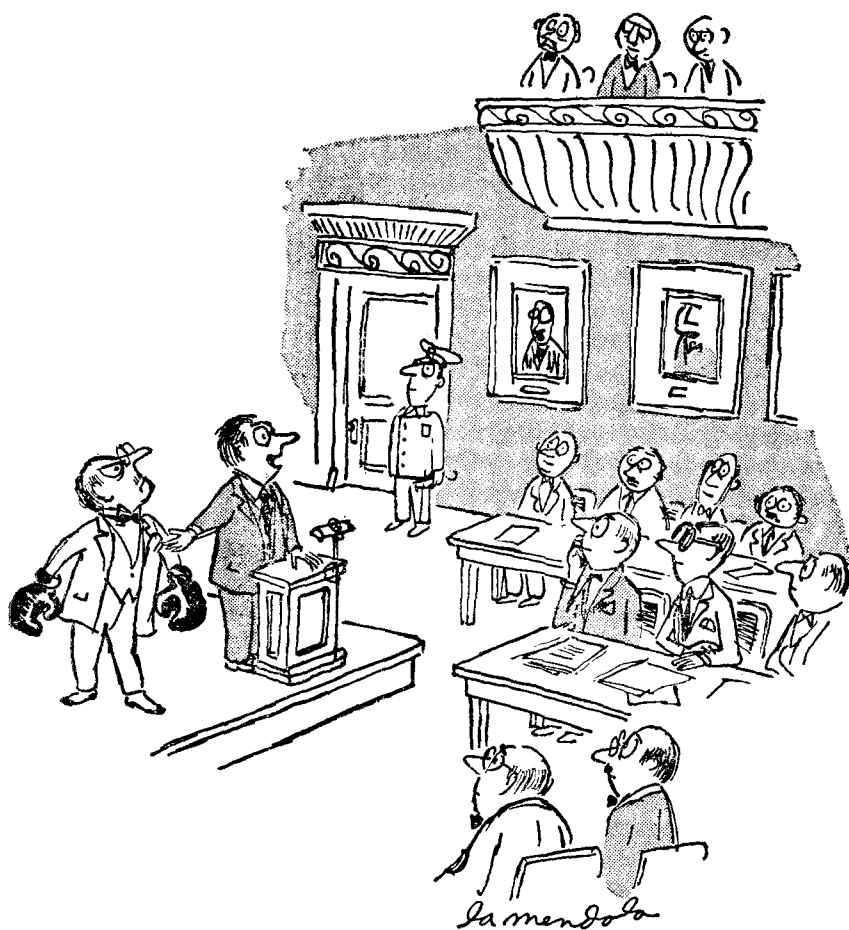
Anne had really never forgiven Strange for his brutal blow, and her resentment of the indignity caused her to overcome the reluctance of her elder sister to prosecute the ab-

ductors. Catherine was warmly attached to Byrne; nevertheless Anne, with a vindictiveness unusual in one so young, determined to punish her husband, and the men were brought to trial. Letters were produced in evidence from both the Kennedys containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective sweethearts to carry them off; nevertheless, Byrne and Strange were found guilty and condemned to death. It was supposed that the sentence would never be executed, but the judges were relentless.

On the day of execution the excitement among the peasantry was so strong that a rescue was feared, and a large force of guards surrounded the scaffold and such was the deep sympathy for the unfortunate men thus cut off in the flower of manhood that all business was suspended in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns. After the execution, whenever the Kennedy girls appeared on the streets in the surrounding cities, they were assailed by hissing, hooting mobs.

Both Anne and Catherine later remarried, each to a fortune-hunter. Both led a fearful existence as their husbands ran through all their money and mistreated them.

There was none to pity the sisters—especially Anne. The fact of a man's hazarding his life to carry her off was thought a noble and heroic deed; her prosecution a base return; and her misfortunes the just vengeance of heaven upon her.



"And now I present Mr. Janowski, who has a unique plan for settling the present international dispute."

In the MERCURY's Opinion . . .

By RUSSELL MAGUIRE

WE IN AMERICA should be thankful, indeed, to God for all our blessings. It is imperative that we be diligent in safeguarding them.

As we start a new year in our national history, we find our country facing the gravest crisis since our forefathers brought into being our magnificent Constitution and laid the groundwork for the greatest nation in world history. The year 1954 is a year of decision for our country.

On November 23, 1953, President Eisenhower said in part, "If we are going to continue to be proud we are Americans, there must be no weakening of the code by which we have lived, of the right to meet your accuser face to face."

Our President might well have added that we have the right and duty to meet our *enemies* face to face.

It would be well for our lawmakers and citizens to ponder some of the following questions:

1. Who permitted the brazen Department of Justice whitewash of the Amerasia Case after the F.B.I. had caught the conspirators red-handed with over 1,700 top-secret documents?

2. Who initiated the policy in the

Middle East which is leading to war and alienating four hundred million Moslems, Hindus, and Arabs, many of whom are strategically located at the soft underbelly of Russia?

3. Who promoted and pushed us into recent wars?

4. Who originated the policy our country followed for many years of strengthening the Soviet Union while at the same time weakening the United States?

5. Who conceived the United Nations with its sinister plan to ensnare and destroy the United States, and who is now proposing two diabolical instruments, the Geneva Genocide Covenant and the Covenant of Human Rights?

6. Who pushed through the Nürnberg Trials, which gained us the hatred of the Germans and set a dangerous precedent?

7. Who built up our Communist labor leaders and originated laws to divide and weaken our people?

8. Who permitted the turning over to Russia of the bonafide U.S. Treasury engraved plates, ink and our special paper so the Russians could print money which diluted the value of all money owned by Americans?

9. Who schemed up the graduated income tax to weaken us so that our

people would depend upon an ever-growing Government bureaucracy?

10. Who regularly promotes crises so that they may grab some of the precious rights given us under the Constitution and Bill of Rights?

11. What group put Harry Dexter White in the powerful Treasury post and kept him in power? Could this be the same group which caused the firing of General MacArthur because he would win in Korea?

12. Why do trick laws and loopholes permit spies and traitors to go unpunished by hiding behind the Fifth Amendment?

13. How did the control of most of our big foundations get into the hands of the internationalist group?

14. Who financed in our country the campaign to condition and sell us the unsound Keynes theory of manipulated currency?

15. Who worked out schemes that no longer permit Congress to control the printing of our money, as provided by the Constitution?

16. How long are our children to be subjected to ill-advised teaching in our schools, indecent and obscene comics, and suggestive and blood-curdling motion pictures and TV programs? This is rapidly approaching a national scandal.

ALL of these questions are of vital importance in this time of tension and leftist near-hysteria. Patriotic Americans are attacked from the left at every opportunity if they dare speak out.

In this connection, the editorial in the *New York Journal-American* of November 5, 1953, by Mr. E. T. Tompkins, bears reprinting.

The editorial follows:

Cardinal Spellman Speaks Out

Cardinal Spellman has given some of his fellow citizens who go abroad a much needed lesson in patriotic good manners.

Returning from Italy, the Prelate paused at Brussels to address a church group. He expressed great concern over "the bitterness, suspicion and distrust of America which, I am told, has been engendered in the postwar years." Particularly, he said, America is subjected to "widespread criticism in Europe" because of "its Congressional inquiries into the infiltration of Government by Communists."

America's Position

The Cardinal staunchly upheld America's position.

"Judging from the hysterical tone of the criticism," he said, "one would imagine that it is no longer possible in America to keep one's good name. Nothing could be farther from the truth . . .

"No American uncontaminated by Communism has lost his good name because of Congressional hearings on un-American activities . . .

"The anguished cries and protests against 'McCarthyism' are not going to dissuade Americans from their desire to see Communists exposed and removed from positions where they can carry out their nefarious plans."

Cardinal Spellman imputed the anti-

American attitude to two elements — “Communist sources” and “many non-Communist spokesmen and writers in Western Europe.”

He might have mentioned a third group — itinerant Americans who not only fail to defend America against aspersion, but have also even encouraged the calumnies.

Last July, for example, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, on a world tour, was Marshal Tito's guest in Communist Yugoslavia. In an interview at Ljubljana she said that “everywhere” she had been “astounded and astonished” by questions asked about “McCarthyism” and Senator McCarthy. She added: “*McCarthy's methods, to me, look like Hitler's.*”

At a Vienna press conference, Mrs. Roosevelt “informed” the Austrians that “some of the methods used by McCarthy are not unlike those of Hitler and Stalin.”

Back home, on October 17, Mrs. Roosevelt told the League of Women Voters at Kent, Connecticut, that Senator McCarthy's exposés of Communism, “*did harm*” to America abroad — “*more harm than Alger Hiss could have done if he had not been caught.*”

No doubt, these words of hers were published abroad.

Stevenson's Words

Adlai E. Stevenson likewise made a world tour. At London, on July 28, he was asked if he could “say something complimentary” regarding Senator McCarthy. The former Presidential nominee answered “Nothing”—but qualified by saying he “approved his objectives, opposed his methods.”

On his return from visiting thirty countries, Mr. Stevenson denounced “book-burnings, purges and invasions of executive responsibility,” declaring that our “prestige and moral influence abroad have declined.”

Of course, his remarks went abroad, too.

Did anyone ever hear of a high-placed English traveler publicly bemoaning British patriotism to foreigners, or reflecting adversely upon the lawful procedures of Parliament?

Or when did a distinguished Frenchman ever come here to say that anti-Communists in France are character assassins and persecutors?

The keynote of Cardinal Spellman's address at Brussels was “Patria.” There, amidst the memorials of many battles, he told the Belgians: “*You have proclaimed in a deathless way how holy a thing is the love of one's native land.*”



» Behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and . . . you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

From *The Man Without a Country*
by Edward Everett Hale



BY A. A. HOEHLING

THE ARMY'S IN THE RAILROAD BUSINESS

THERE seems every reason to believe that the Army Transportation Corps' "rice paddy" railroad line in Korea is going to be chuffing and puffing in that distant land for some time to come.

Having supplied the life-sustaining arteries for the United Nations during the war, the Army's important but little-known railroad department is now giving major aid to the small republic in its efforts to get back on its feet. And, if hostilities should break out again — the railroad's there.

In a backward, suddenly war-torn country, devoid of any sort of highway system, the Army was confronted three years ago with the task of practically building a military rail network from scratch. The 60-year-old Korean National Railroad was devastated by war and lack of maintenance.

Undaunted, a small group of American railroaders rolled up their shirt sleeves and went to work.

In short order, the men of the

Third Transportation Military Railway Service were highballing over a large portion of South Korea and eventually an entire 320-mile system from Pusan, on the south coast, north to Seoul.

More than twenty million tons of supplies were transported during the three heartbreaking years of hostilities — and so effectively that the Pentagon said of this service:

"Not since the Civil War have railroads played such a direct role in military operations!"

Today the railroad is helping South Korea in many ways in its hard road back to normalcy — hauling sorely needed building supplies, food, medical equipment, and of course, soldiers.

The UN forces were particularly dependent on the railroad during the critical early days of the fighting. Our defense and subsequent counterattacks might have ground to a creaking halt without this ribbon of steel across a rugged, barren land.

The Army's railroaders were ready

for both attack and withdrawal. They did the impossible time and again. In one 24-hour lightning action, the railroad picked up the entire 25th Division and transported it from Waegwam to a point in the Masan area, 100 miles away.

SIDE BY SIDE with the railroad's own Korean personnel, our soldiers behind the throttle gave a fine performance in supporting front-line troops. They learned how to keep the cars rolling in the face of battle conditions, mined roads, derailments, shaky trestles, and guerrilla ambushes in narrow passes.

Debris-blocked tunnels were re-bored and new trackage laid. Army engineers rushed in portable "prefab" bridges to replace bombed-out spans. Floods and other natural obstacles offered more difficulties.

Somehow, the railroaders kept their trains running on regular schedules. They inaugurated their own crack express, the *KComZ Comet* (for Korea Communications Zone), running daily between Pusan and Seoul.

Some 600 railroad operations a week were carried out during the fighting — food trains, ammunition trains, gasoline trains, as well as general supply and troop trains.

Activated in 1942, the 3rd TMRS first demonstrated how railroading American-style could chug beyond our continental limits for the Persian Gulf Command during World War II.

Next it went off to Japan for occupation duty as the supervising agency of the Japanese railroads.

Carrying out the Korean operation are the 712th and 724th Transportation Railway Operating Battalions, both originally sponsored by railroads in the United States.

The parent of the 712th is the Reading Railroad. As reservists, these 712th men were called from civilian railroad occupations when the need for trained "iron horse" men in Korea became apparent.

Also, the Pennsylvania Railroad provided a well-trained cadre from its reserve unit, the 724th. Most of these soldier-railroaders have returned to their civilian jobs. Replacing them are young soldiers who have benefited from on-the-job training with the Baltimore & Ohio and Chesapeake & Ohio Railroads.

Initial military instruction was at Fort Eustis, Virginia, but much of the operational know-how was gleaned in day-in, day-out "train playing" on B & O tracks along the Potomac River between Washington and Frederick, Maryland.

To date, the Army railroad continues its highballing without let up, even with the armistice. How much longer our GIs stick with it is partly up to the Korean government, partly up to the UN and — in the final practical analysis — up to Moscow!

In the meantime, this unique GI line — long after Casey Jones — remains at the service of South Korea.

The Years of Betrayal

BY J. B. MATTHEWS



FOR more than one hundred and fifty years, the name of Benedict Arnold served a clear and single purpose. It was our nation's one and only symbol with which to express in a concrete and personalized manner the act of betraying one's country.

To us school kids of fifty years ago, Benedict Arnold was the sum total of disloyalty to country. He personified treachery. We believed, mistakenly of course, that the obloquy surrounding his name would deter, for all time to come, any highly trusted government official or any humble private citizen from following in his faithless steps.

We had many great and towering patriots (more, it seemed, than any other country in the history of the world); but of traitors we had only one. By the time most of us had reached the third grade, we knew the story of Arnold's perfidy. When primary and secondary educators in America were not afraid to indoctrinate the minds of the young with the noble sentiment of love of country, we were proud that, in the

formative years of our national independence, only one man had sunk so low as to attempt to betray America.

Now, that has all been changed in the brief span of twenty years. The school children of tomorrow will find their American history much more complicated — if they are allowed to study the subject at all. Instead of the simple picture of ten thousand illustrious patriots and only one traitor, they will be asked to view an America in which, for one generation at least, traitors were commonplace and, at times, made everyday headlines. They will surely wonder how this could have happened.

Let us go back a half century to a typical American schoolroom and imagine the teacher asking the question, "Who was it, pupils, who tried to betray America?"

The entire fifth grade of forty pupils replied instantly and in unison, "Benedict Arnold!" (I know because I was in the fifth grade of that American schoolroom fifty years ago.)

Now, let us go forward a generation — 1984 or any other year — and imagine the teacher of a fifth-grade class of forty pupils asking the same question, “Who was it, students, who tried to betray America?” Bedlam and babel, not unison, follow. If some mechanical device could unscramble the voices and the answers reflecting the diversity of viewpoints in what has come to be called the democratic way of life, we might hear the following:

“Whaddaya mean, America?”
(From a progressive student.)

“Whaddaya mean, betray?” (From a like-minded brat.)

“Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.”

“Aw, shut up, they wuz framed.”
(This, in reply.)

“Harry Dexter White.” (Probably from a Republican kid.)

“White? Shucks, he was murdered by the Un-American Committee.”

“Lee Pressman.”

“Nuts, he wrote Labor’s Magna Carta.”

“Frank Coe.”

“How’s about the Fifth Amendment?”

“Alger Hiss, don’t forget him.”

“Didn’t Dulles appoint him something or other?”

“Harry Gold, he got a raw deal.”

“Victor Perlo.”

“Nathan Gregory Silvermaster.”

“Klaus Fuchs.”

“Nonsense, that guy Churchill protected him.”

“Harold Ware, he started it all.”

“Harold Glasser.”

“What about Harold Velde and the Bill of Rights?”

“John Abt.”

“Nathan Witt.”

“Henry Collins, Jr.”

“Elizabeth Bentley.” (From an anti-anti-Communist.)

“Edwin S. Smith.”

“Charles Kramer.”

“John Stewart Service.”

“Owen Lattimore.”

“Joe McCarthy.” (From one infected with Trumanism.)

“Maurice Halperin.”

“Irving Kaplan.”

“David Weintraub.”

“Yes, the whole United Nations.”

“The New Deal.”

“Naw, it was the reactionary, fascist-minded politicians.”

“Remington.”

“Solomon Adler.”

“Michael Greenberg.”

“George Silverman.”

“Lauchlin Currie.”

“Zionism.”

And so on, endlessly, and in utter confusion — if the school kids of tomorrow reflect the views of their parents and grandparents.

SOME of the kids will wonder why so many traitors were coddled and promoted by men in high political office and, even when exposed and convicted, were the recipients of staunch support or maudlin sympathy from so many thousands of prominent citizens in all walks of life.

They may think — if progressive education has not done away with that unique function of the human mind — that the politicians of the opposition party were blind leaders of the blind when they refused stubbornly to raise the issue of traitors in government positions, when raising the issue would have counted for most. In the midst of the presidential campaign of 1940, one candidate for office wrote: "There are not less than two thousand outright Communists and Party-liners still holding jobs in the government in Washington." Those were not the words of Wendell Willkie, however. Willkie, like his Republican successors who ran for the presidency, side-stepped the issue of Communist infiltration in the Federal Government. Those were the words of a Democrat — Martin Dies. Dies' estimate of two thousand traitors in government jobs in Washington was conservative. Since he made that estimate, twice that number have been removed, on grounds of security, from Federal Government employment.

In October, 1941, Martin Dies submitted to Attorney General Francis Biddle a list of 1124 Federal Government employees who were Communists or fellow travelers and whose records indicated the need for a thorough investigation by the FBI. The names of Alger Hiss, Donald Hiss, Harold Glasser, and Harry Dexter White were on that list. All of them remained in govern-

ment employment for years afterwards.

Typical of the characters in the Federal service who were exposed by Dies was a man who held the important position of deputy administrator of the Wages and Hours Administration. This man had written an article in a Communist magazine, in which he said: "Tell them they and their fancy pieces of paper and the whole capitalist shell game can sink and be damned. Tell them that we've got another war on, closer to home, a war to establish a workers' peace, a workers' government." (This man's name is not given here because of a reliable report that he has quit the Communist movement.)

FOR six and a half long and weary years, Martin Dies tried to alert the American people to the fact of Communist infiltration of the Federal Government. Every Gallup Poll taken on the subject showed that the people supported Dies overwhelmingly, a fact which is often forgotten by those whose thinking and memory have been conditioned by the editorials of the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and the *Daily Worker*. For example, the Gallup Poll of November 19, 1940, asked the question, "Do you think the Dies Committee should be continued?" The answers were: Yes, 65%; No, 7%; and No Opinion, 28%. Among those Americans who had an opinion about the

Dies Committee, the vote was almost ten to one in favor of the Committee.

The votes of confidence given Martin Dies and his committee by the members of the House of Representatives were consistently overwhelming, usually running about ten to one. Democrats and Republicans alike gave Dies their enthusiastic support; although the Republicans had a larger percentage favoring the committee and its work.

The belief, held in some quarters, that the issue of subversion in government can be made into an issue between the two major political parties is largely untenable. Senator Joe McCarthy has repeatedly stressed the fact that Democrats are as loyal as Republicans. The issue of Communist infiltration into government is non-partisan; the guilt for toleration and blindness with respect to this infiltration is bi-partisan. Essentially, the situation is mixed and highly confused. The issue cannot be fought out on strictly party lines. If the Republicans have their Joe McCarthy and Richard Nixon, the Democrats have their Martin Dies and Pat McCarran; and the whole American people, regardless of party lines, have their J. Edgar Hoover.

ONE of the most important documents ever issued by a committee of Congress is entitled "Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments." It is a report of the Subcommittee to Investigate

the Administration of the Internal Security Act and Other Internal Security Laws, issued on July 30, 1953. The chairman of the committee which issued this sensational document is United States Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana. The report was a unanimously approved document, signed by five Republican and three Democratic senators. Credit for preparation of the report belongs to Robert Morris, the committee's chief counsel, and Benjamin Mandel, the committee's director of research. Any anti-Communist who has not taken the time to read and digest this report can hardly claim to be other than ignorant of the facts about the traitorous infiltration of the Federal Government by Communists during the past twenty years. It is something of a blot on American journalism that no newspaper has seen fit to reprint this report in its entirety. (The author is eager to be corrected on this latter statement.)

As of the middle of November, 1953, it appears that Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., has started a first-rate political brawl by his famous Chicago speech in which he laid responsibility at the door of Harry S. Truman for promoting a known Soviet agent, Harry Dexter White, to a position of larger importance and higher salary. Any political debate in which Harry S. Truman of Pendergastville is involved is certain to be a brawl. Any Democratic politicians who elect to

put a stamp of approval on Truman's action in the matter of Harry Dexter White must share his responsibility.

What the situation with respect to this political brawl will be by the middle of January, 1954, or early November, 1954, can hardly be predicted. If it turns out to be a real slugfest, the education of the American electorate is certain to be advanced.

It is quite possible, however, that the Republicans, running true to form, will back away from the Brownell-Truman controversy, and thus deprive the electorate of the education to which it is, and has been, entitled for twenty years. Already, a United Press dispatch from Washington has announced: "President Eisenhower today expressed hope that the issue of Communists in government would be a matter of history, rather than of continuing controversy, by the time of the 1954 congressional elections."

The Democrats can, if they wish, do a lot of talking about how sensitive or alert Dwight D. Eisenhower has been on the question of Communist infiltration, on the basis of his pre-presidential record. If Harry S. Truman is fair game, so is Dwight D. Eisenhower; and all allegations in both cases go to the question of alertness, not loyalty.

IT IS FAIR, for example, to call attention to the fact that one of Eisenhower's collaborators in the

writing of his book, *Crusade in Europe*, was Joseph Barnes, then the foreign editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. For many years prior to this collaboration, the pro-Soviet record of Joseph Barnes was notorious.

Sworn testimony concerning Barnes is now voluminous. It was spread on the record by the McCarran Committee of the United States Senate. That record is worth some scrutiny.

Louis Budenz testified: "I did know Mr. Barnes was a member of the Communist Party." (page 541)

Robert Morris, counsel for the McCarran Committee, then asked Budenz: "Did you know that from personal encounters, as well as from official conferences of the Communist Party leaders?"

Budenz answered: "Yes, sir." The next several pages contain a description by Budenz of his meeting with Barnes and his knowledge that Barnes was a Communist.

Whittaker Chambers testified: "In that unit [meaning an underground unit of the American Communist Party which was meeting in a house belonging to Field's mother somewhere in Central Park West, New York City] were Frederick Vanderbilt Field and Joseph Barnes." (page 490)

Alexander Barmine testified before the McCarran Committee that General Berzin, head of Soviet military intelligence, spoke to him of Owen Lattimore and Joseph Barnes

as "our men," "meaning military intelligence."

Robert Morris asked Karl Wittfogel: "Doctor, was the conversation that you had with Mr. Barnes the kind of conversation that would take place between two people who accepted each other as Communists?"

Dr. Wittfogel replied: "He told me about the work he and Mr. Field had been doing in building up the student movement in Harvard which was under Communist influence." (page 286)

Hede Massing testified that when she was in conversation in Moscow with "a kind of NKVD official" named Peter Zubelin, she was perturbed at the presence of Joseph Barnes. Zubelin said to her: "Barnes? Oh, you needn't worry about Barnes." (page 244)

Following the testimony of Whitaker Chambers concerning Joseph Barnes, Robert Morris observed: "Mr. Chambers is now the fourth witness who has identified Mr. Barnes as a member of some Communist unit and Communist organization. . . ." (page 491)

DURING World War II, Joseph Barnes was employed in a key position in the Office of War Information. If that fact is to be held against the Democratic Party as a whole, then it is logical to emphasize that he was also employed by General Eisenhower in the writing of his book.

When Joseph Barnes left the New York *Herald-Tribune*, he became editor of the New York *Star*. By a striking coincidence, the New York *Star* of August 18, 1948, carried three feature stories on its front page. One story recorded the death of Harry Dexter White; another one reported the testimony of Alger Hiss in denying that he was ever a Communist; and the third was captioned, "Eisenhower Angered By College Probe Plan." The Eisenhower story led off with the following sentence: "Dwight D. Eisenhower, president of Columbia University, last night vehemently denied that the university, its staff and its textbooks bore any taint of Communism." In the interview which Eisenhower gave Joseph Barnes for the *Star*, he is directly quoted, as follows: "I found no traces of Communism among the deans, professors, and the rest of the staff at Columbia, and I met them all."

It would be interesting to learn how Eisenhower can tell whether or not a person is a Communist by "meeting" him.

Two of the faculty members of Columbia University, Gene Weltfish and Bernhard J. Stern, refused on the ground of self-incrimination to tell the McCarthy Committee last year whether or not they were members of the Communist Party. Both were on the Columbia University faculty during the Eisenhower presidency. Both have long

been known as Communists; and both were brought to the attention of Eisenhower by the New York *Journal-American*. In fact, a gathering of the American Legion, meeting in New York City on February 6, 1949, resolved to send a delegation to see Eisenhower personally about Gene Weltfish, Bernhard J. Stern, and other Communists on the Columbia faculty. Eisenhower declined to see the delegation — a rather interesting fact in view of his willingness to be interviewed by Joseph Barnes on the subject of Communists at Columbia.

Another Columbia University faculty member whom Eisenhower undoubtedly met was Professor Goodwin Watson. During the war, Watson held a high position with the Federal Communications Commission in Washington. When his long record of pro-Communist activity was brought to the attention of Congress, both the House and the Senate voted to attach a rider to an appropriation bill specifying that no part of the appropriated funds could be used to pay the salary of Goodwin Watson. This was clearly a "bill of attainder," and the Supreme Court subsequently so held; but the Court's decision in no way nullified the facts of Watson's long record of pro-Communist activity. The congressional exhibits establishing his close connections with the Communist movement filled 64 printed pages.

While General Eisenhower was

president of Columbia, the Red government of Poland offered to give the university \$30,000 with which to establish a chair of "Polish cultural studies." When Eisenhower accepted the gift, Dr. Arthur P. Coleman, for twenty years an assistant professor of Polish language and literature at Columbia, resigned in protest.

In an editorial entitled "Coddling Communists at Columbia," the Chicago *Herald-American* declared that the net effect of General Eisenhower's action in accepting Professor Coleman's resignation was "to put an anti-Communist out of the Columbia faculty and to let an alleged Marxist in."

TO TAKE a final example, Cedric Belfrage was press control officer at General Eisenhower's headquarters in Europe. Today, Belfrage is under a deportation order as an alien Communist. He has long been resident in the United States, and has been widely known as a Communist. His biography of the Rev. Claude Williams, a Communist Party member under the name of "John Galey," was written some fifteen years ago and disclosed Belfrage's Moscow ideology.

What does this all add up to? Simply, that Dwight D. Eisenhower has not always been alert to the facts of Communist infiltration.

John Foster Dulles played a decisive part in the selection of Alger Hiss as president of the Carnegie

Endowment for International Peace. Dulles had heard the widespread rumors of the Whittaker Chambers allegations concerning Hiss; but his investigation of the rumors was somewhat perfunctory and, consequently, he was badly deceived, with the result that the Carnegie Endowment was greatly embarrassed.

The naked truth about Communist infiltration is that, until fairly recent years, it was accomplished with amazing ease. In all professions, as well as in government employment, it was carried out successfully under the careless eyes of both Republicans and Democrats. The American people as a whole were ignorant of the operations of the Communist conspiracy, thanks largely to the poisonous pro-Communist propaganda channeled to them through the media of the mass communications. This was, of course, particularly true of the period of World War II when highly placed persons in all walks of life permitted themselves the costly illusion that the Soviet Union was an honorable ally.

ONE of the most ghastly acts of mass murder of all time, rivaling any ever perpetrated by Genghis Khan, was the Soviet murder of more than four thousand Polish Army officers and intellectual leaders in the Katyn Forest Massacre of May, 1940. Army intelligence in the Pentagon had a full and accurate report on the massacre from an Amer-

ican infantry officer, Col. John H. Van Vliet, Jr., who had been to the scene of the graves. The fact of the horrible brutality of the Soviet murderers was deliberately kept from the American public for years. The full facts were not revealed until a special committee of the House of Representatives published its report on the Massacre, December 22, 1952, more than seven years after the Pentagon, under the authority of Maj. Gen. Clayton Bissell, suppressed its information.

Mr. Elmer Davis, so-called news commentator, who is one of the most hysterical of the anti-anti-Communists' smear bund, was, the reader may remember, head of the Office of War Information. The recently published report of the House committee has this succinct statement concerning Mr. Elmer Davis: "Mr. Davis, therefore, bears the responsibility for accepting the Soviet propaganda version of the Katyn Massacre without full investigation." The committee might have added that Mr. Davis was also responsible for disseminating the Soviets' "big lie."

The published facts about the successful Communist infiltration of the Federal Government have already run to encyclopaedic proportions. There is, in fact, a veritable library of hundreds of volumes on the subject. They make shocking reading, and constitute a terrible indictment of the carelessness and blindness (in the face of clear warnings) of a lot of individual Demo-

crats who believe themselves to be anti-Communist.

Two of the most sinister Communist penetrations of official Washington were into the staffs of Senate committees: the committee headed by Senator Gerald P. Nye which investigated the munitions industry, and the committee headed by Senator Robert M. LaFollette which purportedly investigated civil liberties. Nye and LaFollette were Republicans, although it must be said in fairness to the Republicans that they were not "regular."

The Nye and LaFollette committees did incalculable harm; but they were the special pets of all stripes of left-wingers and were, therefore, never subjected to the abuse which has been the lot of the congressional committees which have exposed Communists and Communism.

Alger Hiss worked on the Nye committee, as a legal assistant.

John Abt, Allan Rosenberg, Charles Flato, Herbert S. Schimmel, and Charles Kramer worked on the staff of the LaFollette Committee. All five of these men invoked their privilege against self-incrimination when they appeared before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security.

Harry Magdoff, a Fifth Amendment case, served as consultant for the Senate Special Committee to Study Problems of American Small Business.

Henry H. Collins, Jr., also a Fifth Amendment Communist, was direc-

tor of the Senate Small Business Committee.

Frederick Palmer Weber, who wouldn't say yes or no to the \$64 question, served on the staff of the House Committee on Interstate Migration. Charles Flato also served this committee of the House.

Alfred Van Tassel, who invoked his privilege against self-incrimination, was attached to the staff of the Senate Small Business Committee.

Margaret Bennett Porter, another who invoked the Fifth Amendment, was a staff member of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

IN THESE key positions on the staffs of Congressional committees, these persons who invoked the Fifth Amendment were able to "color" information and to "rig" the hearing schedules in such a way as to shut off anti-Communist testimony. The report of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security says: "In other words, the work of these staff members was slanted in every way possible to force Congressional opinion and reports in directions they would not otherwise have taken."

It will be remembered that the monstrous piece of legislation known as the Wagner Labor Relations Act was passed by an overwhelming vote of Congress, many Republicans joining the Democrats in its enactment. This legislation, which greatly facilitated the Communist infiltration of labor union organizations, was drafted by Lee Pressman, an admitted mem-

ber of the Communist underground cell in Washington.

The National Labor Relations Board was a veritable nest of Communists. Edwin S. Smith, a member of the Board, has been identified in sworn testimony as a member of the Communist Party. The chief executive officer of the NLRB was Nathan Witt, a member of the Communist underground cell in Washington. In 1940, Martin Dies called attention to the fact that fifty-five of the NLRB attorneys were members of the National Lawyers Guild. Last year, Attorney General Brownell officially cited the Guild as a Communist organization.

According to the report of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, the Office of Strategic Services included within its ranks the following persons who invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination: Leo M. Drozdoff, Irving Fajans, Maurice Halperin (Chief of the Latin American Division), Jack Sargeant Harris (in charge of military intelligence of South Africa), Julius J. Joseph, Paul V. Martineau, Carl Aldo Marzani (Deputy Chief of the Presentation Branch), Leonard E. Mins, Helen B. Tenney, Milton Wolff, and George S. Wuchinich. Much of this Communist infiltration of the OSS took place while a distinguished Republican was at its head. In some cases, notably those of Milton Wolff, Carl Aldo Marzani, and Leonard E. Mins, the facts of their Communist affilia-

tion were known long before there was any OSS.

HARRY DEXTER WHITE was not a lone Communist in the Treasury Department. His Communist associates in Henry Morgenthau's Treasury staff included Frank Coe, Harold Glasser, Victor Perlo, Irving Kaplan, Solomon Adler, Abraham George Silverman, and William Ludwig Ullmann.

On December 15, 1941, the Secretary of the Treasury issued the following order: "On and after this date, Mr. Harry D. White, Assistant to the Secretary, will assume full responsibility for all matters with which the Treasury Department has to deal having a bearing on foreign relations. Mr. White will act as liaison between the Treasury Department and the State Department, will serve in the capacity of adviser to the Secretary on all Treasury foreign affairs matters, and will assume responsibility for the management and operation of the Stabilization Fund without change in existing procedures. Mr. White will report directly to the Secretary."

That is quite a sizable delegation of authority to a Soviet spy; but there is the record. The dates are important. Two months prior to the issuance of this order by the Secretary of the Treasury, Martin Dies sent the name of Harry Dexter White, as a suspected Communist, to Attorney General Francis Biddle. On November 17, 1953, when he

appeared as a witness before the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security, J. Edgar Hoover disclosed the fact that the FBI interrogated Harry Dexter White in March, 1942. According to Mr. Hoover, White "spent more time in denouncing investigations of Government employes than he did in furnishing facts." It is now pertinent to ask for whatever FBI report on Harry Dexter White, as a result of this interrogation of March 1942, was made to Secretary Morgenthau.

The resuscitation of the case of Harry Dexter White by Attorney General Brownell has served to explode, for all time, one of the main contentions of the anti-anti-Communists. These unwitting helpers of the Kremlin conspiracy have been yelling for the abolition of all Congressional investigations of Communists, and demanding that the entire matter be left to the FBI. That the FBI is powerless to effect the removal of Soviet agents from government employment is crystal clear in White's case. The FBI did all that was within its proper function and authority; but, despite this, White's promotion went through.

Those imaginary school children of 1984, about whom we speculated at the beginning, may think it strange that the people — the sovereign people with power to make political decisions — heeded the voices of scores of radio and television commentators who persisted in throwing the protective cloak of their false

interpretations around the persons of traitors. Or unbelievably strange that the sovereign people should be guided by lying newspaper reports of the most crucial events affecting the security of the nation.

THESE children of tomorrow will never be able to comprehend the viciousness of the attacks made upon those who exposed the traitors and their operations, attacks made by large and influential sections of the press, radio, television, school, and church. To make the observation explicit, they will never comprehend the editorial slant of the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *New York Post*, the *Washington Post*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. They will never understand that Drew Pearson once had a radio and newspaper following. Or believe, except on documentary evidence, that such pro-Communists as Johannes Steel and William S. Gailmor were for years permitted to sell their ideological wares on the air waves. It may be entirely beyond the powers of their comprehension that a so-called First Lady of the World once wrote a syndicated newspaper column whose chief ingredients were tripe and calumny — and unfalteringly on the wrong side of the issue of subversion. They may be inclined to doubt, until shown the record, that Robert Maynard Hutchins was once the chancellor of a great American university or that the Reverend G. Bromley Oxnam

and the Reverend John A. Mackay were top-ranking ecclesiastics.

The calling of the entire roll of that vast company of opinion-makers who have perverted their functions, however unwittingly, to the uses of the Communist traitors would nauseate many of my contemporaries and certainly be incomprehensible to many of those in the generation to come.

In closing, it is fitting that credit

be given to a distinguished Democrat, Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia. Congressman Smith is the author of the Act which bears his name and under which the leaders of the Communist Party have been convicted and jailed. Congressman Smith's anti-Communist alertness led him to write that legislation in 1940, long before the Johnny-come-lately's discovered the Communist menace.



"I always want your mother to feel at home, darling, and she can do that by staying there."

Did Lincoln Dream of His Death?

BY
JERRY KLEIN

DID Abraham Lincoln ride knowingly to his death the night he went to Ford's Theater in Washington? There's reason to believe Lincoln had forebodings of his own doom the evening in 1865 that he was murdered.

"I believe I feel trouble in the air before it comes," he'd told his secretaries. And on the afternoon of the day he was shot, just five hours before the tragedy, Lincoln told his Cabinet they would soon hear some "important news."

They observed that the President looked especially grave as he said he'd again had the dream which so often preceded important national events. In the dream, Lincoln saw himself in some strange vessel, drifting quickly toward some "indefinite shore."

Lincoln told his Cabinet he'd had the same ominous dream just before the battles of Bull Run, Stone River, Antietam, Gettysburg, Wilmington, Vicksburg and Fort Sumter.

An old friend of Lincoln's had said the President long believed he would be suddenly cut off at the height of his career and the fullness of his fame. The friend added that Lincoln fully expected he would

fall by the hand of an assassin.

To Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which helped to focus attention on the abuses of slavery, Lincoln said: "I shall never live to see peace. Whichever way the war ends . . . I shan't last long after it's over."

And to a Boston newspaperman, Lincoln had said a year before his assassination: "I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over, my work will be done."

Partly to please Mrs. Lincoln, the President had long carried a heavy walking stick tipped with iron bolts taken out of *Old Ironsides*. Mrs. Lincoln thought the stick would help her husband protect himself should he be attacked on one of his frequent night walks to the War Department. But Lincoln had said nothing would foil a serious attempt to kill him.

So the President warned his Cabinet to expect "important news." And afterward, Navy Secretary Gideon Welles noted: "Great events did, indeed, follow."

Lincoln had gone calmly, perhaps knowingly, to meet destiny in a box at Ford's Theater.



MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

By Edwin J. Becker

A DISREPUTABLE-LOOKING print shop far back in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina is the home of a mail-order business that is nothing short of phenomenal.

The shop and the business are run by L. V. Edwards, and he is probably the best-known printer in the country, since his name is known to just about every small businessman in any town of 10,000 or under in the United States.

To reach Edwards' shop you have to drive over miles of tortuous, rutty and steep roads, through lonesome valleys and over deserted mountain roads. When you get there, it's difficult to believe that this is the home of the Edwards Printing Company. One minute you're driving carefully over the dips and rises of a shale-strewn mountain road with wilderness on all sides; the next you're alongside an incredibly ramshackle building that houses the nine presses which have made Edwards famous.

The building seems to have been flung together of odds and ends of weather-worn lumber. It just grew up and down the hill as Edwards and his two boys built additions.

I looked for power lines. There were none. Inside the weird building there's an ancient steam engine. It wheezes and grunts and groans — but it produces enough power to operate the presses.

Edwards is a tall, grizzled old fellow, who packs his chops with a healthy wad of "mountain-reared 'baccy'." I found him sitting on a tall stool in front of a begrimed window, slitting open his mail.

To this printer of the mountains the mailman is the most important fellow alive. All his business is done by mail. There is never a day passes that does not bring Edwards a bag of letters from almost every state in the country. Sometimes, in the winter, the roads are impassable. When that happens Edwards or one of his boys hikes into Jacks Creek Township to see whether the mail got through that far.

I watched, fascinated, as he slit open letter after letter. Checks fairly fluttered out of the letters. "Just like fishing," Edwards explained with satisfaction. "Never can tell whether the next check is going to be for thirty dollars or thirty cents."

Edwards draped his big, raw-boned frame into a comfortable position. "Don't get many visitors," he said. "When I do I like to set with 'em for a spell of talkin'."

I doubt whether there are ten of Edwards' thousands of customers who have any idea about the actual plant they order their printing from — and certainly they know less about this mountain man who just up and decided to be a printer, and is one! Not just a printer, but a master mail-order salesman.

About fifty years ago Edwards got tired of "rasslin' with a plow and a hoe." He took a final look at rock-covered mountain farmland and decided he'd build a press and do printin' for folks. Just like that. He made his first press, and he taught himself to print.

"Printin' labor's kinda scarce now," he says. "Used to be lots of mountain-reared kids wanted to be printers. But they been driftin' off elsewhere of late."

As a matter of fact, during his half-century in business, Edwards has trained perhaps a hundred boys and girls of Jacks Creek Township to be printers. Today he shrugs resignedly: "They just grow up and drift away. Cities claim 'em."

Shortly after he made his first crude press, Edwards made a big plunge. He installed his first "boughten" press. It was an old Confederate Army machine and had been used during the Civil War to print up military orders. "Wasn't

much more than a proof press," Edwards said fondly, "but with a lot of cranking it run purty good."

BEING so far away from customers didn't bother Edwards. Ingenuity is bred into the bones of mountain folks, and he was certainly blessed liberally with the asset.

There wasn't a weekly newspaper that escaped his attention. He read them from cover to cover. Anyone running for office? Then that man was a potential customer for Edwards' printing output. He began to turn out a steady stream of form letters, advertising cut-rate prices for dodgers, cards, and throwaways.

He solicited, by mail, the printing business of magistrates, lawyers, justices of the peace and clerks of the court. Go into any county courthouse anywhere and chances are you'll come across legal forms printed by Edwards.

Every now and then his customers get a copy of an infrequent four-sheet newspaper which has put Jacks Creek Township on the map. He calls it the *Mountain Log*, and it's chock-full of a hodge-podge of witticisms, Edwards' philosophy, miscellaneous tidbits about the Blue Ridge country — and printing lists galore!

There's no linotype in Edwards' plant. He had an adventure with a linotype, though. Seems as though one of his customers died, one who had been so fascinated by Edwards' homely business that he deeded the printer a legacy of \$150.

No doubt that Edwards loved a linotype. He wanted one, but he has a horror of debt that makes him act very cautiously. "When folks get into debt," he stated, "they don't seem to amount to much. One time I visited a fellow in Asheville. Had a fine home and a car and good clothes and all that. Well, sir, I thought he was one of the most fortunate men I ever knew, and then later I found out." His voice became very secretive. "I found out that fellow still owed for the house!" Then he leaned back with a see-what-I-mean expression on his face, and concluded, "Probably owed for the car, too!"

He put the \$150 away. For a while it was quite a tussle, but finally the desire for a linotype got the best of him. He paid the \$150 down and gave notes for the balance on a second-hand machine. It didn't bother him one bit that neither he nor his two sons knew anything about a linotype. A complaining truck driver made the long haul up the mountain, unloaded the machine, and Edwards and his sons set to work to assemble it.

When they had finished, they had a lot of pieces left over and "the darned thing wouldn't run, but I loved it just the same."

After giving it a few days' thought, he sent Guy, one of the sons, packing off to Asheville on a campaign of strategy. Guy went up to the "big, slick composin' room of the *Citizen-Times* an' just hung around."

Edwards looked shrewd. "Guy

didn't ask questions, just watched. Just watched those machines work, acting like he was curious. Pretty soon he'd spot one of those missing pieces and he'd see where it fitted in. When he came back home, we set down and put that machine together, hooked her up to the gasoline engine, and she run all right."

FOR QUITE a few years the sound of that old linotype was mingled with those of mountain tree frogs outside the plant. But came the war and gasoline troubles. The linotype was sold and steam came into power. "Buy my composition now, and wouldn't go back to no gas engine. Steam's the thing." He fairly idolizes his steam power plant, which is probably older than the gaunt building which houses it, for it once did service in a wood-working plant.

His printing income is well along in five figures, but there isn't a man on earth who can tell Edwards that he should have a better location. It makes no difference to him that he's miles from nowhere, buried far back in a desolate mountain terrain. "Nope," he says, "makin' good money . . . yep, good money. I've got a ninety-acre farm. My wife's the farmer. In the city you have to get your meat and other vittles from a store, and it costs a lot. You have to buy clothes and give parties and go to shows. Why in the world would anybody want to add all those burdens to his business?"

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON

A WHODUNNIT OF VITAL IMPORT.

U.S. "Who left
her bleeding
and perhaps
mortally
hurt?"

THE
AMERICAN
TRADITION

NEW DEAL

FAIR DEAL



Letter from Vienna

BY WILLIAM F. AND CHRISTIANA HEIMLICH

ON JUNE 17TH an unemployed truck driver was executed by the Russians in Berlin, charged with being one of those who incited the rebellion against Communism throughout Germany that day.

While crowds were burning Red flags in the Potsdamer Platz, two thousand Communists paraded in the streets of Vienna to protest the death sentence of the Rosenbergs.

The two events, separated by only a few hundred miles, demonstrate the failure of Communism to regiment Germany while succeeding in pulling Red wool over the sad eyes of Austria. Neither Fritz nor Franz is likely to become a Communist unless he has a gun in his face, but Fritz shows fight while Franz tries to "get along." And therein lies a story.

The Soviet Union began its "peace offensive" in Vienna. The Russians appointed a civilian as High Commissioner and proposed an exchange of ambassadors. Many millions of dollars are being spent on slick mag-

azines and lush "reward" trips for deserving Austrians, splendid libraries and free ballet tickets. Indeed, the Soviet propagandists are willing to do anything to win Austrian friendship. Anything, that is, except discuss a peace treaty.

Sparking the propaganda drive in this country of spectacular scenery and comic opera is the Austro-Soviet Society, an organization with strong representation in each of the nine provinces of Austria. There are sections on the arts, sciences, and every other phase of ancient and modern culture. Headquarters of the society are in Vienna and its president is the old Communist wheel horse, Professor Hugo Glaser of the University of Vienna. Its board of directors includes such notables as the Vienna Police Chief, Josef Halaubek; Professor Heinrich Brandweiner, internationally famed expert on biological warfare; and Governor Heinrich Gleissner of the Province of Upper Austria (U.S. Zone). Until his death last March, the President of

the Austrian Parliament, Leopold Kunzchak, was also a member of the board! The Communist penetration into the Austrian government is nearly complete. Communism is infiltrating even the field of radio; Radio Vienna is now the key station of a Red network. But Austria retaliated with a network of her own, including stations in Vienna, Salzburg and Linz. These were indifferently operated until two years ago, when Dr. Harry Skornia (recently chosen head of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters) took charge of the little network and did an effective job of exposing the Austro-Soviet "Friendship" Society.

THIS organization is particularly active in the United States Zone of Occupation and has one main branch with 22 sub-branches and numerous working groups in upper Austria; in Salzburg there are a main branch, sub-branches and working groups which have been quite active in further widening the breach between the Austrian population of that city and the American Occupying Forces. One of the Austro-Soviet Society's slogans is, "There is no Iron Curtain," and it makes much of its exchange of persons between Austria and the USSR; and, indeed, hundreds of Russians have come to Austria and hundreds of Austrians have gone to Russia in the past several years.

The Soviet propaganda effort has

played down the reparations which the USSR has demanded of the Austrian government and played up allegations of American imperialism to a point where mere repetition has caused many an Austrian to believe that the Americans are indeed in Europe for imperialistic reasons. Also, and perhaps more important in Austria, the Soviet has made much of Austrian history and traditions.

The first World War brought Austria down, dethroned the Hapsburgs and destroyed an empire which once included more than fifty million people. The pre-Hitler Austrian Republic was a nation of seven million, possessing some of the world's most spectacular mountain scenery but very little land which could be cultivated.

The Soviet Union makes much of post-World War I history and America's part in it. Russian culture magazines claim that Woodrow Wilson's insistence upon the principal of "self-determination" was directly responsible for the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire into a mixture of Hungarian, Rumanian, Czech, Slovak, Yugoslav, German and Italian peoples who self-determined themselves into mother-tongue countries (countries which were destined to be gobbled up first by Hitler, and later by Stalin). Very little mention is made of the fact that Germany occupied Austria and incorporated it into the Reich, and nothing whatever is made of the fact

that the Russian occupation of eastern Austria has been far harder for the average Austrian to bear than was the "anschluss."

WHEN World War II ended, Austria, occupied by victorious allies, more than a half million of her young men dead or disabled, her people in near starvation condition, her transport system either blown up or taken over by the foreign armies, was in no condition to demand anything, least of all immediate independence. There was little protest, either from Austria or from the West, when the Soviet troops began their now familiar pattern of dismantling, pillage and thievery in the name of reparations. This ravage has continued down to the present time of writing, however, and has cost the Austrians well over a billion dollars.

On the 22nd of February of last year, 90 per cent of the eligible voters in Austria went to the polls in the third free national election in postwar Austria. The results did nothing to quiet the jumpy nerves of moderates in Western Europe and the United States. The Communists got just over the usual 5 per cent of the vote, but the Socialists racked up 42 per cent. More significant than either of these were the gains made by the extreme Rightists, the Fascists and the remains of Austrian Nazis all incorporated into a party called the Union of Independents. With more than twice the Com-

munist strength, they are loud as the Nazis were loud and they exist in a government where no party has a majority; thus the minority parties, in coalitions, can continually harass governmental progress. Lacking, however, is Communist political know-how. The Austrian Peoples Party, a middle-of-the-road group which has been particularly strong since 1945, lost ground in this year's elections and for the first time received less popular support than the Socialists. As a result, Chancellor Figl, whose moderate policies and good humor won him many friends in the West, returned to his farm, and the government is now headed by Julius Raab, who has been trying to get some kind of working agreement with the Socialists. The present coalition, which excludes the Union of Independents, is likely to be cracked; and, if it is, the Communists are ready and waiting to exploit the break. This fact, together with Austria's having become a juicy political plum, accounts for the continued occupation of the country.

The Moscow declaration, issued jointly in the Soviet capital in 1943 by the USSR, the United States, and Great Britain and later affirmed by the French Government-in-exile, said: "Austria, the first free country which fell victim to Hitler's policy of aggression, should be liberated from German rule." Each of the signers of that declaration announced themselves as wanting to

see "a free and independent Austria."

It was assumed in 1945 that the occupation would be a short one and that no particular treaty would be needed to restore Austria's independence. But the matter of Austrian independence, like that of German unity, has become an international political football. Indeed, it is part and parcel of the propaganda effort, a bait dangled in front of the Austrians.

In Vienna, as in Berlin, both the Austrian and the visitor from outside can get a good look at the East and the West. While the Soviet soldiers go their sullen way and mind their own business, avoiding all contact with the Austrian civilians, American soldiers have moved into Austria with their shining automobiles, have married Austrian girls and have established relationships far friendlier than those permitted by the Kremlin.

Far more significantly, the record of the two occupying powers shows striking economic differences. In the postwar years while the Soviet has been draining Austria of her resources, the Americans have been rushing help. While Soviet forces were seizing Austrian property and setting up competitive businesses from which all profit goes behind the Iron Curtain, the United States has given Austria well over a billion dollars in various forms of assistance. Nearly seven hundred million of this came from the Mutual Security Administration and there is no way

of measuring the private help from CARE, the Quakers and other groups. This has been perhaps the most effective propaganda which the Austrians have seen.

BUT NO amount of propaganda can make the occupation of Austria palatable to the Austrians, nor can it change the basic political consideration which makes that occupation necessary. If U.S., British and French troops were to be withdrawn, Austria would be left only with the Russians.

The USSR has many excellent reasons for prolonging the occupation. First, Austria makes an excellent military base for Soviet troops. They are well located strategically for deployment in Europe and they cost nothing to feed or house since they are on "occupation duty." Secondly, continued occupation by the Red Army weakens the Austrian nation economically, making it ripe for Communist propaganda and eventual control. Finally, continued occupation gives the Soviet government one more ace in the continuing poker game with the West. A concession in Austria might cost the Kremlin nothing and might win something big somewhere else — in Germany, for instance.

Thus Austria continues its waltz to foreign music, and it is understandable if the little man looking up sadly at a Red flag flying over the old Imperial Palace mumbles to himself: "What now . . . ?"

Of Dogs and Doughboys

By RUSS NEWBOLD

THERE IS something about marching men that holds a magnetic lure for dogs. I witnessed this mystic attraction repeatedly during my army service. My company had its own personal detachment of dogs, all of whom became devoted and faithful stalwarts of the U. S. Army. So many dogs enlisted that they comprised what we fondly termed our "canine platoon."

What it was about the Army that seemed to entice the dogs has always puzzled me. Few men relish military life, but for the dogs it was a revel. Even more puzzling was the fact that so many of the four-footed recruits actually left good homes and strangely contented themselves with the rigorous life of the infantry. The dogs never went home of their own free will. However, many owners who were able to trace their run-away pets often called to claim them.

Although we never understood it ourselves, we were grateful for the friendship, comfort and consolation that only a dog can give. Scarcely a day passed without another dog's joining our ranks. We acquired them in many odd ways, none of them intentional or deliberate. A long hike or march was sure to bring its quota.

Maybe a well-bred canine lying

placidly on a neat, trim lawn, seeing our column come in sight, would rouse himself from his peaceful doze and without invitation or enticement trot off with us. Others were strays or cast-offs; some were gifts from friendly people; and here and there a poor, mistreated creature needing a friend would join up. Many were mongrels and a few were of a prized caste, but all of them combined to make as strange and unforgettable an ally as any infantry company has known.

I still think of them at times and I often wonder about their fate and where they may be just now. Like my buddies, some of the dogs stand out more vividly in my memory than others.

One dog I recall intimately was Pinky, a strange, tiny ball of wool, who contrary to accepted canine precepts relegated man to second choice and became a monkey's best friend. But when you know Pinky's story it is clear that his choice was not wrong but understandable; and he can be forgiven.

Along with all the dogs in my company we had one other pet — a monkey. The monkey, a tiny, fidgety, beady-eyed capuchin, was quickly intrigued by Pinky, who

was hardly his size. The monkey immediately took possession of Pinky and dominated the little dog. Pinky did not object to the monkey's possessive attitude.

Then the reason for this rare compatibility became apparent. The monkey found that Pinky's white, curly hair contained an abundance of fleas. To the monkey this was a bonanza. He immediately staked a claim to Pinky and went to work, sedulously picking the fleas from Pinky's hair and joyously devouring the parasites. For Pinky this no doubt was a dog's version of heaven. He surrendered wholeheartedly to the monkey's treatment.

And the monkey guarded his little mine of fleas night and day. Any approach to Pinky or offer to pet him brought hideous screeches of protest from the monkey.

WHEN I hear people discuss the comparative intelligence of dogs, I think of Sailor. To me he symbolizes the type of sly, silent intellect for which canines are celebrated. We called him Sailor for no more imaginative reason than that he was presented to my company by a member of the U. S. Navy. He was just a small, tow-headed, bull-terrier pup when first we received him. He was the baby of the pack and so we lavished affection on him as he stumbled and flopped clumsily about the barracks. At first he was too young and too small to accompany us on our training excursions into

the field, but in a few weeks, as he grew rapidly, he joined the other dogs in our canine escort and travelled those extended hikes and marches. Being a pup, Sailor tired quickly and often had to be carried. After a while it became apparent that Sailor did not like the daily, lengthy hikes although he continued to make them for several weeks. Then one day Sailor vanished.

We did not see him or hear of him for weeks, and not a clue could be obtained as to his whereabouts. We had acquired so many dogs in irregular ways that we felt we had lost Sailor in the same way. We never dreamed he had deserted us. The days continued to pass and memories of Sailor were fading when we saw him again — just once. It was on one of those military problems the Army employs to practice war. We were hiking along a dusty road as artillery trucks ground past, churning up the dust and adding to the discomfort of the march. Suddenly as one of the trucks roared by we looked up — and saw Sailor. Perched high in the rear of the truck sat an artilleryman, and nestled in his arms lay Sailor, riding high with the artillery and snoozing contentedly. He didn't see us or if he did, he gave no sign of recognition. But the purpose of Sailor's transfer became apparent. Sailor had renounced the weary, foot-sore infantry for the more practical, mobile artillery. In the eyes of the infantry, nothing could be more brilliant.

UNCLE SAM

The World's Prize Sucker

BY PATRICK McMAHON

NO NATION in the history of the world has squandered its blood and its treasure, its spiritual and physical resources, so freely and so profligately as has the United States of America during the Presidential regimes of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman and — thus far — Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Under President Wilson we gave 53,000 lives on the field of battle, suffered 260,000 casualties, and spent 27 billion dollars (you could buy world wars at bargain counter prices in those days) to deliver the knock-out blow against Imperial Germany and “Save the World for Democracy” (the European world, that is).

What we really achieved was to set the stage for three of the most ruthless dictatorships in all history, the dictatorships of Communism, Fascism, and Naziism; for the most devastating depression in our own history; and for World War II (when world wars could no longer be bought at bargain counter rates).

During the first eight years of President Roosevelt's tenure, we

spent billions of dollars annually, jiggered and re-jiggered our economic practices, extended the arm of the Federal Government into almost every phase of our economic and social life, vilified our investors and our financial, commercial, and manufacturing leaders — all in an effort to cure a depression that was brought on by President Wilson's effort to save the world.

What the New Deal accomplished was to prolong the depression indefinitely, until it was temporarily interrupted by World War II; and now, like the Damoclean sword, it still dangles over our heads, and we scarcely dare to breathe lest the thread snap and slice us all into another debacle.

During World War II we gave the lives of a quarter of a million of our young men, suffered nearly a million casualties in battle, disrupted the normal lives of almost the entire youth of the nation, and spent some 350 billion dollars — and for what?

To destroy the military power of Germany, the only nation strong

enough to balance the power of Soviet Russia in Europe; and Japan, the only nation strong enough to balance the power of Russia in the Orient.

So now, as a result of our achievements, we are spending 50 to 60 billion dollars a year in an effort to repair the damage. A substantial portion goes to rebuild the military power of Germany and Japan.

YET undoubtedly the greatest price we paid for the policies of the great liberal regimes of Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman (and thus far Eisenhower) was the debilitating toll on the spirit of the American people.

We have become a nation haggard with fear.

We are being driven from one costly blunder to the next by a vague, formless hysteria that has been deliberately implanted in us by our leaders, and fostered and fanned into flames by them whenever political expediency dictates.

We occupy the major portion of the richest, most fruitful continent in the world; we have peopled it with the most ingenious and productive people in the world. We have demonstrated our ability to produce all of the needs and luxuries desired by mortal man, in a hundred thousand factories and on millions of farms.

Yet we live in mortal terror that if we stop spending for war, for defense, for foreign aid — all econom-

ically wasteful things — we shall slip back again into a depression and with all our wealth, shall be jobless, hungry, and unsheltered.

We have proven our prowess in battle time and again, at home and in every quarter of the globe. Yet we shudder at the possibility that the Russians, who have never won a major battle outside their homeland; who have neither the ships to transport troops and supplies, nor the navy to protect them; who could not muster a single fair-to-middling naval task force against the most powerful navy conceived by man; somehow will transport across the seas the millions of troops and millions of tons of supplies necessary to conquer us.

We are, by any dispassionate appraisal, the one nation in modern times that has the economic and the military strength to defend itself, alone, against any existing power or coalition of powers.

Yet we have based every major decision since the outbreak of World War I on the premise that — no matter what the cost in blood or money — we must have allies behind whose skirts we can hide.

It must be conceded, even by the most hardshelled conservatives, that during Mr. Roosevelt's first eight years some sound and badly needed reforms were effected.

But even the most avid New Dealer must also concede that after eight years and the expenditure of some 40-odd billion dollars (that

was big money in those days) we were just as deep in depression in 1939 as on the day Mr. Roosevelt was first inaugurated.

IN APPRAISING the good against the bad of the New Deal era, however, there is, in the view of this writer, a factor that is infinitely more important than all of the taxes we paid for WPA, PWA and the other alphabetical boondoggles.

The most damning indictment that can accurately be leveled against Mr. Roosevelt's early administration is that the political tactics it pursued created a deep cleavage among the major economic groups of the nation. The worker was arrayed against the investor and the manager, as though they were his mortal enemies. To only a slightly lesser degree, the farmer was arrayed against all three, and they against the farmer.

Yet those deep cleavages which, though not created by the New Deal, were certainly widened, deepened and hardened by it, exist to this day, to the most serious detriment of our national well-being.

Despite our richness and our great productivity, this nation today faces economic problems of a most serious nature. And we shall face continuing and recurrent economic problems for decades to come. Our economic problems are principally the reflections of our foreign policies.

During the twenty years of the New and Fair Deals, the Federal

Government spent some 775 thousand million dollars, as Mr. Paul L. Martin explained in the October issue of the *AMERICAN MERCURY*. More than 500 thousand million dollars of that amount was spent directly in furtherance of our foreign policies — the waging of World War II and the lavish foreign aid and defense programs that followed it. Moreover, a substantial proportion of the remainder was spent as an indirect result of past foreign policies.

It costs us just about as much today simply to pay the interest on our national debt, of which more than 80 per cent is the direct result of our foreign policy, as it did to pay the whole cost of our Federal Government during President Roosevelt's first year in office.

It has been said and repeated again and again, so many times that we have come to accept it as fact, that the United States followed an "isolationist" policy prior to World War I, that we immediately slipped back into it when we rejected Mr. Wilson's League of Nations in 1920.

The record repudiates that accusation. We have never been an isolationist nation. From the birth of our republic, our government has always maintained a lively and active interest in world affairs. We were, during the first century of our existence as a nation, much more dependent on foreign trade than we are today, or will be in the foreseeable future.

And throughout the years from 1783 to 1914, the United States never hesitated to intervene with whatever strength we could muster, in Europe, in Africa, in Asia, and especially in Latin America, to protect what we then conceived to be our legitimate interests.

The foreign policy that was laid down by President Washington, and followed with minor revisions for more than 100 years, was based on his shrewd appraisal of our War of Independence. He quite correctly diagnosed our success as resulting from the fact that the balance of power in Europe was delicate; Britain could not afford to divert to America enough troops and equipment to put down even the untrained, poorly armed militia of the colonies, without rendering herself vulnerable to attack from one or another of the continental powers. He also correctly concluded that as long as the balance of power in Europe was maintained, no continental or coalition power could undertake a successful campaign against us, without leaving itself vulnerable to attack by Britain.

The policy he formulated was not isolationism. It was simply the maintenance of friendly neutrality with all major powers, and the avoidance of any commitment which would obligate us to intervene in behalf of any one of them, in their quarrels and contests for power abroad.

So throughout our years as a weakling among the powers of the

world, we maintained our national security partly as a result of the distances that separated us from the imperialistic countries abroad, partly because of the balance of power that was maintained and, most important, partly because of the resoluteness of our own people and their leaders.

By the end of the Civil War, a new factor emerged. We demonstrated to the entire world, on the bloody battlefields of the South, that we were no longer a weakling nation.

That was re-affirmed by our easy naval victory over Spain just before the turn of the century. We were now able to stand on our own two feet, regardless of developments abroad, and that fact was recognized by every chancellery in the world and by our own government and people — up to 1914.

BUT with the outbreak of World War I, an intensive propaganda campaign was begun to destroy the confidence of the American people in their own strength, and to convince them that our national security always had been, and always will be, dependent on allies abroad. We were told again and again, from the press, the pulpit and the political platform, that if we allowed Britain and France to go down to defeat, it would simply be a matter of time until the Kaiser's troops would invade our shores, and we would weakly succumb.

Thus were planted the first seeds of a fear psychosis that has dominated our foreign policy for nearly forty years, which has cost us hundreds of thousands of lives, hundreds of billions of dollars, and which, if much longer continued, may cost us our very national existence.

We *did* go into the first World War, and we *did* save France and Britain from defeat by the Kaiser's legions. And in so doing, we set into motion the forces that resulted in our great depression, catapulting Franklin Delano Roosevelt into the White House; and which also resulted in World War II, keeping him there for four terms.

One of the most interesting and most fantastic aspects of the New Deal era is that the most "isolationist" period of American history was probably Mr. Roosevelt's first term in the Presidency, when he sabotaged the London economic conference, defaulted on our foreign commitments by devaluing the dollar, and encouraged a series of disillusioning Congressional investigations to "prove" that our past foreign policies, including our participation in World War I, had been instigated by, and for the sole benefit of, Wall Street and the munitions makers. Yet within a few years, his ability to sway public opinion was such that he was able to make the term "isolationist" virtually synonymous with "traitor."

But the net effect of his policies was to destroy the balance of power

in both Europe and Asia, and leave the United States in a more vulnerable position than it has ever occupied in its history.

All this he achieved at the cost of 250,000 American lives, more than 900,000 battle casualties, and at the expenditure of more than 350 billion dollars.

IN FAIRNESS to Harry Truman, it must be conceded that his major foreign policy problem on succeeding to the Presidency was to repair the damage that had already been done. But as a fair criticism of Mr. Truman's policies, it must be pointed out that it took him almost two years to recognize that fact. And during those two years he sealed the sell-out of eastern Europe and China to the Reds at Potsdam; he authorized the senseless and wanton atom-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; he antagonized the millions of people in the Near and Far East by supporting the imperialist interests of Britain, France, and the Netherlands; and he permitted to remain in high government posts men who, he now admits, were suspected of being traitors.

Much more important, however, is the fact that once Mr. Truman's administration did recognize the problem, it fell back on the old terror tactics of Wilson and Roosevelt, a relentless and unceasing propaganda campaign to destroy the confidence of the American people in themselves.

Thus, in the eight years since the German surrender, the American public has been cowed into forking out nearly 50 billion dollars in foreign aid — most of it for the purpose of buying allies in our worldwide contest against the Soviets.

From 1940 to date, including wartime Lend-Lease, our foreign aid bill has totaled a cool 100 billion dollars, more than the total annual income of every man, woman, and child in the United States during any one of the first eight years Mr. Roosevelt was in office.

We have spent more money since the end of the war to raise the living standards of Western Europe than we did to care for our own jobless people during the entire New Deal period. In rapid succession we had the United Nations Rehabilitation and Relief Organization; the disposal of surplus war goods; the International Bank and the Monetary Fund; the British loan; the French, Belgian, and Dutch loans; the German, Italian, and Japanese rehabilitation programs; the Marshall Plan; the Point Four program, and the Mutual Security program. There was — and still is — aid for Greece and Turkey; aid for China; aid for the Philippines, for India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Israel, and the Near East; also Export-Import bank loans to Latin America.

It is a curious thing that this nation which stood boldly alone throughout its generations of weak-

ness is now, at the peak of its strength, involved in more alliances than any country in history. We are literally committed to the defense of nearly every country of the world (except Ireland); even, through the United Nations Charter, morally committed to the defense of the Soviet Union and its satellites.

The continuation of these alliances — particularly the NATO — and huge aid programs is as fundamental a part of President Eisenhower's foreign policy as it was of President Truman's. The maintenance of friendly relations with the countries of Europe, Asia, and the Middle East is always a desirable part of any foreign policy. And at a time like this, strong and reliable allies could be a handy thing.

BUT the bitter truth which is gradually dawning on the American public is that our huge foreign aid programs have not bought the friendship of either the governments or the peoples of the recipient countries. And our allies are proving to be neither very strong, nor very reliable.

A common wisecrack in the halls of our Government is that we Americans *must* be a truly great people. Else we never could have survived so many colossal blunders.

But one cannot help wondering. How much longer can we continue to make such colossal blunders and still survive?

An Answer to Dr. Mackay

DR. JOHN A. MACKAY, *Chairman*
The General Council of the
Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.
Witherspoon Building,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Sir:

Your widely publicized *Letter to Presbyterians* sent to Sessions and Presbyteries of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. by letter of November 2, 1953, has been received by the Minister and Session of the First Presbyterian Church of Peoria, Illinois. The undersigned were directed at a regular meeting of the Session to prepare a letter to you setting forth the views of the members of the Session upon the content of your message.

We feel bound by conscience to express what must be the feeling of thousands of well-informed Christians who entertain views divergent to those expressed in your message. We feel that the wide publicity given to your letter is a disservice to the Protestant Movement generally and the Presbyterian Church in particular. If the disunity and division of the Protestant Movement is sought, you have found an excellent way to accomplish it. We further regret that funds forwarded by individual churches were used for this purpose.

We will attempt to state our disagreement with your pronouncements in as brief a manner as possible. We concur completely with your statement that Communism is a menace in the world today and that it is the undoubted aim on the part of its leaders to subvert the thought and life of the United States. We disagree, however, with your charge that present procedures by executive and legislative agencies of our government constitute a subtle but potent assault upon basic human rights. We further disagree that Congressional inquiries, as they have been conducted, border upon inquisitions and constitute a threat to freedom of thought, speech, or conscience. It has always been the law in the Anglo-Saxon world that the rights of freedom of speech and press were unlimited, but that the individual who exercises these privileges shall be held responsible for all he says or writes. Those who would identify themselves with movements and organizations through their speeches and publications must be held responsible for all they say and must be willing to accept any discredit which may fall upon them through the associations with which they seek allegiance. If they have not the courage of their convictions, they should not speak out and then attempt to avoid the responsibility

for all they say by hiding behind the Constitutional guarantees.

We deplore your phrase: "Communism is . . . a secular religious faith of great vitality." We are unable to find anything religious in the Communist philosophy or movement in the sense that the average Christian layman uses the word "religious."

We see little in the world today to justify your specter of the imminence of Fascist tyranny. The threat of Communism is not from the few Communists in our midst, but in the fact that they are agents and representatives of Soviet Russia, which now dominates one-third of the world's surface and whose avowed purpose is world conquest through a program of revolution and class conflict. We find no parallel in Fascism.

We believe that there is a basic conflict in your views that presently-acknowledged Russian Communists can be trusted and their word, given at the conference table, be relied upon, and yet the word of a former American Communist should be completely discredited. If all former Communists are liars, how is it that the present Communists are worthy of trust and belief?

We further disagree with your statement that the former Communist is not to be believed. To say that they do not deserve some recognition is to deny the redemptive and regenerative power of God in Man. We know of no instance in which the statements and allegations

of former Communists have been impeached before a tribunal, nor where their statements have been used as the basis for a conviction of perjury. If you have evidence that such has occurred, you should, as an American, refer the information to the proper authorities.

We regret that this pronouncement has come with the endorsement of the General Council, seeming to speak for all Presbyterians. We have studied the pronouncements of the 165th General Assembly and can not see in them a foundation for your message. We believe that we represent the opinions of a sizeable segment of the Presbyterian Church, and that our views are equally within the pronouncements of the General Assembly. We, therefore, request that this letter be given the same distribution to all Presbyterian Ministers, Churches, Sessions, and Presbyteries as the original document of November 2, 1953. We understand that your original distribution was to all the press services, to the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and all Presbyterian members of Congress. We ask that they, too, may receive our views upon this controversial subject.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT E. HUNT,
Elder

FRANK A. STEWART,
Clerk of Session

First Presbyterian Church
Peoria, Illinois

In Defense of **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT**

By **NORA DE TOLEDANO**

ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT has been called, among other things, "a sort of senior First Lady of the U.S." And there is no doubt that as the widow of a former President, and as a vocal personality in her own right, hers is to many people the ex cathedra voice of the New Deal. Certainly, in some quarters, her off-the-cuff pronouncements are received with more reverence than are the prepared speeches of ex-President Truman.

And her pronouncements are always with us. Mrs. Roosevelt has her syndicated daily newspaper column, her monthly page in a national magazine, and an incurable love for making regular news copy. There is no subject on which she does not feel qualified to comment. As a consequence, she has long been the target of those who approve of neither her aims nor her methods.

Indeed, certain critics describe her influence on public opinion in terms as strong as "sinister." In the dictionary meaning of "situated on the left side or hand," this evaluation has at least an element of truth. There is even a right-wing intellectual who suggests that her proper

motto, deriving from a speech by Lady Macbeth, might be "Give me the daggers."

Be that as it may, whether viewed approvingly or with alarm, Mrs. Roosevelt's minimum aim has been to defend and uphold the practices of the New Deal, its heirs and assigns. Her principal method has been to enfold herself in the garments of authority which she believes are the due of her position and her name. Snug in this royal raiment, she is protected from the ordinary mortal responsibility of checking opinion against fact. And as time goes by, it becomes increasingly clear that to achieve her aims, few other methods will serve.

There was, for example, her columnar discussion of Elizabeth Bentley's testimony in August, 1948. Mrs. Roosevelt was given no pause by the detailed picture of Communist infiltration of her husband's administration. Why? Because it was obvious to her that Miss Bentley was "neurotic." Had Mrs. Roosevelt offered to substantiate this charge, to explain precisely what she meant by it, or to square it with her own frequent and passionate denuncia-

tions of "character assassination," aim and method would have gone down together in a hopeless tangle.

During the same month, she gave the world both barrels with a denunciation of "unforgivable smearing" and a glimpse into her own research methods. "Anyone knowing either Mr. [Laughlin] Currie or Mr. [Alger] Hiss, who are the two people [named by Miss Bentley and Whittaker Chambers] whom I happen to know fairly well," she wrote, "would not need any denial on their part to know they are not Communists."

This particular statement has been thrown back at Mrs. Roosevelt again and again and again. But it is not merely the irresponsible and partisan effort it appears. This is the strange fruit of Mrs. Roosevelt's past, an important step in the evolution of her methods.

WHEN, in 1939, she received intimations that the American Youth Congress (an organization which she was aiding and comforting with her title as First Lady) was Communist-controlled, she asked the leaders, whom she happened to know fairly well, if they were indeed Communists. She got a denial. Subsequently she learned that it was a flat lie. If, therefore, ten years later she does not need a denial when someone she knows is accused of being a Communist, it is strictly from experience. She has learned not to ask.

Experience has also taught Eleanor

to keep a watchful eye on Congressional investigations. When in December, 1952, she was asked her opinion of the revelations of American Communist infiltration into the UN, she did not deny the possibility outright — she merely pooh-poohed the extent. But she was also ready with a more important point. "I do not have much liking for Congressional investigations that do not operate under law," she commented darkly.

Even Westbrook Pegler would have to admit agreement with this exemplary sentiment. For Mrs. Roosevelt could not point to a single Congressional investigation which *has* operated outside the law. But this was not the simple irrelevancy it would appear, not a semantic contradiction in terms. It was a vivid demonstration of a method Mrs. Roosevelt often employs — a tactical side-step.

This Eleanor Glide, as it might be called, is her method now when discussing Alger Hiss. She no longer pleads his innocence, but slips away from the subject by volunteering, as she did recently, that had he remained undisclosed and unconvicted he could not have done as much harm to the United States as had been done by Congressional investigators.

Similarly, the recent revival of the Harry Dexter White case brought out her gift for fancy footwork. The fifteen-minute square dance she performed to the amazement of guests at a dinner party in Lahore, India,

had nothing on this demonstration. "I always think it is unfortunate when attacks are made on the dead," she intoned. Sashaying to the left, she added that the climate was different in 1946 — "Then, not everyone was suspicious of everyone else" — and brought her best foot forward in her ritual windup: "We've been brought to a more or less hysterical point by methods used by some investigators, Senator McCarthy included."

But why pick on Eleanor? For years, she and other New Dealers have been intoning monotonously, "Leave it to the FBI," every time a committee has kicked over a new stone. Now we learn that numerous FBI reports on Harry Dexter White which quoted thirty different sources, "the reliability of which had been previously established," did not even remain in the memory of Harry S. Truman. We find that similar reports on a dozen or so of White's conspiratorial friends and associates did not slow their rise to high officialdom.

How, then, can we call to account an Eleanor Roosevelt who presumably knows only what she is told by her fellow Democrats and presumably was not responsible for the formulation of a policy which says "leave it to the FBI" in public and pigeonholes FBI reports privately? How, then, can we take her to task for smearing Elizabeth Bentley when Secretary of the Treasury John

Snyder not only ignored the testimony, but did not find the FBI report which embodied it of sufficient import to deter him from giving a glowing reference to a man named therein as a spy?

Let's not be too beastly to Eleanor in her efforts to protect the New Deal from the slings and arrows of outrageous fact. After all, if her late husband could laugh at Whittaker Chambers' charges against Hiss — and subsequently take Hiss to Yalta and let him be named the first secretary-general of the UN — can we expect Eleanor to discard her vested interest in maintaining Hiss' innocence? If Dean Acheson could publicly brush aside evidence of Communist penetration of the State Department despite the FBI information in his files, can Eleanor Roosevelt be held to account for refusing to accept information available only in the public press? If Adlai Stevenson, a well-known humorist, can make mocking references to Republican hunts for Communists "in the Bureau of Wildlife and Fisheries," can we blame Eleanor for laughing?

In fairness to Eleanor Roosevelt, it is unreasonable to expect her to know what it is all about. She, at least, makes no pretense at intellectual eminence. Indeed, being a woman of action, she simply "seen her duty." And if it becomes more and more obvious that her vision was a trifle obscured, it is just one more case of the blind leading the blind.



HARRY'S 'OLE STALL



We won't buy these, Harry, they're just too fishy!



MYSTERY STREET

Better change your tune, Harry, you're striking a sour note.



Man's Longest Scientific Search

By JAMES ANDREW MAYER

THE LONGEST, most frustrating scientific search of man in his continuing battle with nature was that which finally resulted in the common safety match.

Less than one hundred years after Avogadro proved the atomic theory by his announcement of the principle of molecular weights, man learned to split the atom; and a dozen years later he perfected the devilishly intricate atomic bomb.

Yet man's search for a simple, portable and efficient method of making fire, his hunt for the match, dates back through all recorded history, and even beyond, to the dim recesses of the prehistoric ages, when he first discovered fire.

The first recorded discovery of a portable means of making fire was about 6,000 years ago, when the Egyptians developed the art of twirling a firestick in a bow—the same method which was used by many tribes of American Indians.

Centuries before the birth of Christ, the ancient Greeks discovered how to make fire from the sun with a magnifying glass, and according to the ancient historian, Pliny, it was a Greek by the name of Cliaus who first discovered that fire could be made by striking a spark from flint.

For more than two thousand

years, Cliaus' method remained the principal means of producing fire. Even in Washington's time, the flint and steel and tinderbox were still in common usage.

Other methods, however, were coming into use for experimental and entertainment purposes. In 1668, a German alchemist by the name of Brandt discovered phosphorus, which for nearly a century was sold for as high as \$250 an ounce to the rich and the royal, who entertained guests by allowing it to ignite. Then an Italian inventor came up with a long wooden splint, tipped with sulphur, which would ignite when rubbed against the inside of a small vial, coated with phosphorous oxide. Finally, in 1827, an English druggist named John Walker invented, and commenced selling to the public, wooden sticks treated with chemicals which lighted when drawn through a fold of sandpaper.

Walker's invention, however, lit with a strong odor resembling rotten eggs and it was soon displaced by the first phosphorous-sulphur matches, which gained wide usage even though highly poisonous.

The modern, non-poisonous matches came into common usage late in the last century, and today the match industry turns out some five trillion matches annually.

Let's Treat the Russians As They Treat Us

By ALFRED KOHLBERG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We present below an argument delivered long ago, in June, 1948, before the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate. While some of the references are dated, the passage of time has not affected the soundness of the proposals, recommended to the Senate by the author today — as in 1948 — as a means of avoiding war. Mr. Kohlberg, widely known as a one-man "China Lobby," was in business in China for 35 years, until the Red invasion. He knows Communism at first hand, and also as a veteran student of the subject.*

IT is high time to demand the immediate publication of every secret agreement and understanding, no matter in what form written down, made by any servant of the people of the U.S.A., which presumes to bind us to anything. It is high time to demand the publication of every note exchanged with Russia. It is high time to reveal the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth to the American people. And, further, it is time for our government to return to those high principles which in the

past have guided the United States in its international relations: the principles embodied in the Monroe Doctrine; in the Open Door Policy; in the Atlantic Charter; and in the Charter of the United Nations. Let us no longer agree to or approve the slavery to which hundreds of millions of human beings in Eastern Europe and Northern China and Korea were condemned by the unfaithful servants we permitted to act for us. Let us return to the high principles for which we went to war and to which our heroic dead were dedicated.

Meantime, Russia pushes on with her war effort. While the Russian people tighten their belts, she maintains five million men under arms, calls up her 16-year-olds for training, kidnaps or lures hundreds of thousands of German scientists and technicians to build V-2's and develop the atom bomb.

Russia demands the Dardanelles of Turkey as well as Turkey's eastern provinces; makes threats at Iran; steals the farcical elections in all Eastern Europe; keeps Korea divided into armed camps; directs

the rebellions in Indonesia and Indo-China; invades Chinese Turkestan and Inner Mongolia; and threatens to overthrow the Italian and French governments if they refuse to do her bidding. Meantime, she hamstringing the U.S. with vetoes and refuses an atom-bomb agreement while busily stealing our secrets. In every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Americas, her Communist Parties and their fellow-travelers denounce the U.S. as "fascist reactionary imperialists" seeking to dominate the world.

THIS IS WAR. It is a declared war, it is a war of nerves, it is a psychological war. On a smaller scale in China and Greece and Indo-China, it is a shooting war. On the air and in the press of the world, it is a war of insults. Tomorrow morning or next year or the year after, it may suddenly turn into total war. I am sure Russia will not plan it that way, because she is winning now and might lose a total war. Furthermore, if it suddenly became a total war, Russia would lose the millions we are still pouring into Communist-held territories in Poland, in Yugoslavia, in China and elsewhere.

Meantime, we are steadily losing this war. Some months when we toughen up a little we lose less. Then Russia apparently softens and agrees to talk to us in Korea or in the UN or at Berlin, and we fall all over ourselves to offer more aid or more concessions, which she grudgingly

accepts with more slaps in our faces and a world Communist chorus of more abuse.

During the past two years we have given or lent 20 billion dollars to save the world. On the other side, Russia has stolen from every conquered or "liberated" area nearly everything movable. Russia has captured all the loot everywhere, while we have paid the bill everywhere. Russian arrest of American citizens in Poland or Yugoslavia only increases our loans and gifts to those two satellites. Chinese Communist ambushes of our Marines and arrest of our military attachés only increase UNRRA and United China Relief gifts to those sworn enemies of ours. Food sent by the U.S. to Eastern Europe makes it possible for Russia to squeeze more out of those hapless areas to save her own slave population from actual starvation.

Meanwhile, our State Department "Voice of America" tells the wondering world of our coming depression, of our strikes, and tells the yellow people of Eastern Asia of our lynchings and race riots. If we are losing this war it is because we seem to wish it that way.

If the world in which we live seems hopeless and confusing, it is only because we refuse to recognize the facts that face us.

Let us first firmly recognize that Russia is making war on us. Let us recognize now, what even Chamberlain finally recognized in the case

of Hitler, that here is one instance where soft words cannot turn away wrath — that the men that rule the Russians are following a predetermined plan, to which their lives are dedicated. Then decision becomes easy.

EVERY decision can be made in answer to the question — Will it help to win the war? If the first bombs fell tomorrow morning, our hesitation would cease, our confusions would be resolved.

We would immediately send home all Russian official representatives and lock up all her agents and spies, including her American Communist agents. We would recognize Russia as our enemy and every American who gave her “aid and comfort” or “adhered” to her would be tried as a traitor. We would prohibit trading with the enemy directly, or indirectly, through her satellites or countries that kept their borders open to her.

We would rebuild, to a prudent extent, the military forces that we ourselves destroyed.

We would extend aid to those nations now fighting on our side, such as China and Greece — *particularly military aid*. And we would extend such aid as we could spare to such other nations as would give earnest of their intention to line up on our side by following our course and ceasing all relations with Russia and the captives of Russia.

Because we cannot permanently

subsidize the world and because even our vast resources are not unlimited, we would refuse all trade with or aid to nations continuing to supply Russia with any of her necessities. And, lastly, we would extend aid to those Russians and others seeking, with arms in their hands, to throw off slavery — to make the nations of the Communist Empire free and self-governing and to establish a world of free nations pledged to a world Monroe Doctrine, to a world Open Door Policy, to the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations Charter, a world in which we would not permit, much less connive in, conquest or aggression. Instead of pious protestations on behalf of freedom, we would act.

IF you think that the measures I propose are too drastic and would lead to total war, just stop and consider whether Russia is not already applying each of them to us. What I propose is that we cease treating Russia as we would have Russia treat us and instead do unto Russia what she is doing unto us. What have I proposed doing that Russia is not already doing?

Take my proposals in order.

1. “Send home Russia’s official representatives here.” We are permitted a very limited number of official representatives in Moscow, and a consulate in Vladivostock. They are under constant espionage; their quarters are wired with dicta-

phones; their servants are Russian spies; they might as well come home. Members of the House of Representatives who wanted to visit Russia this summer to see for themselves were refused permits. Sending all the Russian officials home would be true reciprocity, because we cannot tie them up as our representatives in Russia are tied.

2. "Lock up all her agents and spies, including her American Communist agents." Russia has always done that. In fact, I doubt that Russia would even be offended by such action. They would consider that natural, and just cannot understand our present attitude, which they misinterpret as diabolical cleverness, practised to lead them into some sort of capitalist plot. They suspect that our FBI has its agents in the illegal, underground American Communist Party and uses it as a pipeline for securing information on secret Russian activities. Our open-handed hospitality to their conspiracy here makes them nervous.

3. "Try her American agents here as traitors." What do you think happens to Russians who would even dare to speak up for the U.S.A. in Russia?

4. "Prohibit trading with the enemy, that is, Russia, directly or indirectly." Russia maintains a government monopoly on foreign trade and sees that we get only luxuries that we don't need, such as furs, caviar, vodka, etc. In return, Russia

buys the tools and equipment of war here, including atom-bomb ore reduction machinery built to blueprints stolen by the Soviets here and in Canada.

5. "Rebuild our military forces prudently." Russia has gone way beyond that.

6. "Extend military equipment to Greece and China." That would only partly counterbalance the arms Russia is giving the Communist rebellions in those two countries. In addition, Russia trains their Communist rebels and provides officers for their forces.

7. "Extend additional aid only to those countries that would line up on our side by breaking relations with Russia and locking up their own traitors." This is pretty strong medicine, but it is exactly what Russia is already doing. Russian aid and support, chiefly military, goes only to those pseudo-free nations already under her thumb. We would learn, once and for all, who was on Russia's side and who on ours. And we would stop arming and supplying those countries preparing to attack us. We did that for Japan before Pearl Harbor and should have learned a lesson from that experience.

8. "Arm the underground behind the Iron Curtain." Isn't that exactly what Russia is doing in reverse in France, and Italy, in our zone of Southern Korea and, if secret reports may be believed, almost everywhere else in greater or

lesser degree against the day of open revolution that they proclaim?

9. "Aim to break up the Russian Communist Empire, free the nations enslaved by Russia and apply the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, the Open Door, the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations Charter to the world." Isn't that exactly what we were told we fought World War II for? Didn't we make these promises to all the world? Didn't we specifically promise this to our allies — Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and China? Didn't we promise it to Korea? And didn't we promise exactly these principles to our enemies, as well, in the Atlantic Charter?

OF COURSE, I cannot be sure these measures might not lead to total war. That danger is always present. But they are less likely to lead to total war than our present policy or lack of policy. And, total war or not, this is the way to win, instead of losing, the struggle in which we are already engaged.

In this struggle for the world, Russian propaganda offers ideological promises of "pie in the sky" to its intended victims everywhere in the free world, while it delivers terror, slavery and want to the hundreds of millions brought under its rule. We, who have freedom our-

selves, should offer aid to men everywhere who are willing to fight to preserve their freedom. We should do it unhesitatingly and unashamedly, not as we have in the past, apologetically and timorously. By this course, we can offer the world the choice of freedom with us or slavery under Russia. In all the history of the world, men who have been offered that choice understandably, openly and unequivocally have never hesitated to take their place on freedom's side. Why should we, the heirs of freedom, hesitate to carry that banner before all the world?

Let us not be either afraid or ashamed to stand up for the principles that made this country great. Let us not quail before, nor compromise with, the forces of evil and slavery and terror and irreligion, which Russia has organized to destroy the civilized world. Let us act now. Later, after Russia has conquered or seized or terrorized the free nations of the world one by one, we might have to meet the threat alone, against a Russia supplied and armed by all the industry of Europe and Asia, and drawing on all the manpower of Europe and Asia.

Let us now denounce all the agreements, secret or public, in which we sold out our principles for a mess of imagined expediency. Let us return to American policies and American principles!



BOXING CASUALTIES

Can Now Be Prevented

BY BERNARD ROSENBERG

NOT LONG AGO, a young, up-and-coming welterweight boxer and his elderly fight manager were walking along a residential street near a stadium. All at once, the fighter stopped short and looked up at the rain-threatening sky.

"I hope the clouds blow over," he said earnestly. "I wouldn't want my fight called off tonight."

The older man threw him a puzzled glance. "What fight? What are you talking about?"

The young fellow shook his head sadly. "I'm supposed to fight at the stadium tonight, ain't I?"

The manager sighed. Here was another one beginning to travel along Dream Street. "You fought last night," he said brusquely. "The bum knocked you for a loop in the third with a sizzling right to the chin."

Then there was the twenty-one-year-old pro who fought close to thirty fights in a little more than two years. He suddenly collapsed in the sixth round of a fifteen-round bout.

In the dressing room, his manager and trainer worked over him for

almost an hour to bring him to. But they couldn't. So, they shipped him to the hospital for emergency treatment. He lingered there between life and death for several days. Then slowly he began to recover. When he was released six weeks later, however, he found himself a has-been with a paralyzed left leg.

One ring-toughened heavyweight was knocked down for a count of nine by a terrific right to the head in the opening round of a ten-round match. Dazed, he nevertheless managed to finish the round by instinctive dodging, weaving, and punching. Then, as the fight progressed, he made a spectacular come-back — flattening his foe for keeps in the eighth.

In the dressing room, he was unusually silent for a winner. When he walked out of the showers, tears were coursing down his face. "I've disgraced you," he said to his manager between sobs. "I've disgraced my friends. I've disgraced myself. I've got to kill myself. I let a goof knock me down with a sucker punch."

A psychiatrist friend sent the

boxer to a private mental hospital for observation. He's still there.

One lightweight — a local idol — stepped into the ring for a six-round bout against a hard-rock fighter. Towards the end of the second round the youngster's face was a bleeding mass, his legs rubbery, his eyes glazed. Here was a boy who evidently had to be protected from himself. So the referee waved the groggy kid to his corner, and halted the fight.

In the shower a few minutes later, the battered lightweight complained of being dizzy. Within a few minutes, he was dead.

SOME years ago, Dr. Harrison Martland worked up for the medical profession a common clinical picture of maimed fighters: shuffling walk, unsteady balance, heavy speech, hand tremor, nodding head movements, bad memory, dizziness, double vision, deafness. The punch-drunk fighter's symptoms, he said, jibed with abnormal brain conditions found in shaking palsy, brain inflammation, brain tumors.

Recently, New York City's chief medical examiner, Dr. Thomas A. Gonzales, looked into twenty-one boxing deaths. Among other things, he found that most ring deaths were caused by what doctors call subdural hemorrhage — profuse bleeding beneath the fibrous membrane that forms the outer envelope of the brain. Death, he said, usually came within forty hours after the fight.

The brain, then, is involved in most ring maimings and killings. "Weighing about three pounds, it's packed in the skull of man with some space behind it filled in with some fluid," says Dr. Arthur H. Steinhaus, George Williams College professor of physiology. Even a light jab to the head, he says, makes the brain wobble inside the skull. The usual result? Brain bleeding and bruising. The University of Wisconsin's professor Robert Francis gives some idea of what happens to the brain when boxers slug it out with one another for round after round. Even a 145-pound amateur fighter, he found, packs six hundred pounds of pressure in each fist.

Would the use of headgear offer protection from brain injury and its consequences? Not according to a report of a University of Illinois committee investigating boxing. That group found that "safety devices, including helmets for protection against blows to the head, were tried and found unsatisfactory."

The American Medical Association summarizes the use of safety equipment as follows: "Heavy gloves and headgear may reduce external head injuries, but their effectiveness against brain injury is open to question."

For years, doctors — even the best — were frequently unable to diagnose punch-drunkness accurately. The reason? There were only a few outward signs to guide them, and the symptoms could be distin-

guished only with extreme difficulty, if at all.

Today, diagnostic mistakes need not happen. Brainwave tracings can detect signs of brain damage before they add up to punch-drunkenness and, possibly, death.

The brain, says Sir Charles Sherrington, British Nobel Prize winner in medicine, generates rhythmic electrical waves except in deep sleep. An apparatus called the electroencephalograph is able to record these electric currents. Many medical researchers — Drs. Dow, Ulett, Raff, Williams, Strauss, Ward, Zimmerman, and others — have found that brain injuries show up in abnormal brainwave tracings.

RECENTLY, a University of Colorado professor of psychiatry, Dr. Ewald W. Busse, persuaded the Colorado state athletic commission to pass a regulation as follows: (1) A professional boxer performing in Colorado must have an electroencephalogram at least once a year. (2) In case of a knockout, an electroencephalogram must be taken within two weeks of the injury. (3) Frequent, repeated examinations must be made in the case of a boxer with a suspicious recording.

In the course of a year, Dr. Busse and Dr. Albert J. Silverman, resident in psychiatry and electroencephalography, made brain examinations of twenty-four pugilists. Nine boxers showed unmistakable signs of punch-drunkenness. Fifteen

were within normal limits. One twenty-four-year-old boxer had been knocked out in his first fight, and the following month he succeeded in winning his second fight by a technical knockout in the first round. He showed no apparent abnormalities. Nevertheless, he was given his first electroencephalographic examination three days before his third scheduled fight. Brainwave tracings indicated some brain damage, so the authorities cancelled the fight. Some time later, he was given another electroencephalogram. This time the brainwave tracings showed much more extensive brain damage. Again the fight authorities acted, suspending him temporarily from boxing. He continued to train, nevertheless. When a third brain recording was made, he was found to be definitely worse. Evidently he had received additional brain injury while training. For his own good, the fight authorities suspended him permanently from boxing. "It was felt," the doctors said, "that in this case, the electroencephalogram had picked up intracranial damage before it had become clinically apparent, and that late disability and even death had possibly been averted by this decision."

To date, only three states — Colorado, New York, and Illinois — are using electroencephalographic examinations routinely to help prevent ring maimings and killings. Isn't it time for other states to make use of science's most recent findings?



He Invented a New Country

BY WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR

MANY OF Washington's keenest political observers have seen fit to ignore the mounting tension between the Soviet Union and the Principality of Outer Baldonia. Most of them never heard of Outer Baldonia. But those in the know are waiting with bated breath and expectant chuckles for the next move of the Kremlin in its propaganda war with a "nation" which exists only in the engagingly whimsical mind of Russell M. Arundel, a Washington businessman and sportsman.

Arundel, an ardent tuna fisherman, invented "Outer Baldonia" over a bottle of bourbon one bitterly cold day in 1949, while he and a couple of companions were out after blue fins in the Atlantic off the Nova Scotia coast.

He had just purchased an uninhabited island — a barren, 40-acre mass of rock jutting out of the sea 16 miles southwest of Wedgeport, in the middle of some of the best tuna waters in the world — and built a one-room fishing lodge on it.

On your map, if it is a very large

one, you will find the island listed as Outer Bald Tusket, one of a group of tiny dots scattered below the southernmost tip of Nova Scotia. But the map-makers did not reckon on the unpredictable course of empire.

On that day in 1949, Arundel and his companions, casting about for a diversion to make them forget the chill winds which whistled through their fishing boat's drafty cabin, decided to create on the island a new and independent state — the Prin-



cipality of Outer Baldonia — a nation peopled by fishermen alone, and only *tuna* fishermen, at that. It was a whim which might have sprung from the imagination of anyone, but theirs was to have repercussions half-way around the world.

Braced in the heaving cabin of their fishing boat, they drew up their first state document: a Declaration of Independence. It proclaimed for the citizens of the new principality the right to swear, lie, drink and gamble, and guaranteed them freedom forever from nagging,



shaving, women, taxes, politics, war, cant and inhibitions.

Arundel is mild-mannered, slight of build, and wears horn-rimmed spectacles secured by a broad black ribbon looped around the back of his neck. Seeing him sitting in his deeply carpeted Washington office, one would hardly envision him on the plunging deck of a fishing boat or astride a galloping hunter behind the foxhounds, of which he is master at Warrenton, Virginia. And certainly he is not the princely type.

But beneath his proclamation, in a bold scrawl, Arundel signed himself "Russell, Rex," and proclaimed himself "Prince of Princes."

Beneath his signature went those of Prew Savoy, a Washington attorney and business associate of Arundel's, who was named Prince Regent and Minister of State, and Captain Elson Boudreau, skipper of the fishing boat, who became Chancellor of the Principality.

BACK in his Washington office, the Prince of Princes next ordered stationery with a gold-embossed letterhead bearing the Great Seal of Outer Baldonia; had the new nation listed on the directory of tenants in the lobby of the World Centre Building where his offices are; and then hid himself to the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company.

Presently in the Washington telephone book there appeared a listing for "Outer Baldonia, Principality

of" (DI 7-2463) — a listing which subsequently was to occasion no little embarrassment for certain State Department fledglings who, told to make routine calls to "all foreign diplomatic missions," included Outer Baldonia on their lists.

Arundel is a busy man. His interests include a number of enterprises which allow him little time for whimsy. His spur-of-the-moment gag, however, developed such fascinating possibilities that he couldn't let go of it, and for days he devoted all his time to "affairs of state."

He drew up an impressive Constitution, plastered with seals and ribbons and vesting all powers in himself — but recognizing, "for international amity," the laws of the Dominion of Canada.

The document also provided that the citizenry of Outer Baldonia should consist entirely of "Princes," and of "Admirals of a rank no lower than six-star."

Each of the sixty-nine members of the Wedgeport Tuna Guides' Association received a formal commission as a "six-star admiral," together with notification that thenceforth his boat was to be considered a unit of the Outer Baldonian Navy.

To a few tuna-fishing cronies, Prince Arundel also sent embossed scrolls creating them Knights of the Order of Blue Fin and Hereditary Princes of the Realm.

To insure the fullest possible diplomatic acceptance, the Prince of Princes appointed both an am-

bassador *and* a minister to Canada (Dr. Ronald Wallace, of Halifax, and Harold Lohnes, of Louisville, Kentucky), while to William DeGarthe, also of Halifax, went the post of Naval Attaché.

Arundel also designed passport forms, "valid forever and a day and until revoked," and had dies manufactured in preparation for the coining of his own money (the basic unit of which was to be the "tunar") and his own stamps. The Canadian Government, unfortunately, has not yet officially concurred in these latter projects.

Negotiations were then opened with Rand McNally & Co., the map people, and with the Interior Department's Board on Geographic Names to have Outer Baldonia shown on all future maps and charts of the Atlantic. Both requests were made on Outer Baldonian stationery over the signature of "Russell, Rex," and were phrased as royal commands.

IT WASN'T long before some of the Canadian newspapers heard about the new nation and blossomed out with feature stories about Outer Baldonia. The Provincial Government of Nova Scotia went along with the gag and announced to the press that it was "still undecided about recognition of the new kingdom."

One of the Canadian papers, carrying a deadpan treatment of the yarn, found its way into Germany, where the trade journal, *Industri-*

kurier, picked it up and printed it as a serious news dispatch. And so it got to Moscow.

On October 25, 1952, a vehement denunciation of Outer Baldonia appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, a state-controlled publication in the Russian capital.

Quoting the Baldonian's constitutional right to lie, swear and otherwise misbehave, the article unleashed a bitter tirade at the "führer" of Baldonia and declared he had "set himself the aim of turning his subjects into savages."

"In a word," the *Gazette* said, Prince Arundel had given them "the 'right' not to adhere to the ethical and moral laws which have been established by mankind."

It was several months before the *Gazette* reached the western hemisphere and was reprinted, tongue-in-cheek and in translation, in a Canadian Government publication.

Deeply hurt, the Prince of Princes brooded in his Washington "chancery" over this breach of diplomatic etiquette by the Russians. Then he took pen in hand.

Presently a messenger was on his way up Sixteenth Street, bearing a formal protest to the Soviet Embassy—a note which threatened severance of diplomatic relations unless amends were quickly forthcoming. Thus far there have been no further moves on either side, but Russell, Rex, and the Outer Baldonian Navy are ready.

It's your move, Malenkov.

"ALMA MATER" AND THE GREAT OWL MYSTERY

By Warren J. Brier

ON THE steps of Low Memorial Library at Columbia University sits an eight-foot bronze lady named "Alma Mater." For a half century this quiet statue has gazed upon thousands of students walking to and from classes. And since 1903, the students have stared back and spoken of Alma Mater and "the great owl mystery."

The four-ton work of art, presented to the University in memory of Robert Goellet, class of 1860, is garbed in flowing robes. Both hands are held in a gesture of welcome. In her right hand, Alma Mater grasps a scepter surmounted by the crown of King's College, as Columbia was known before the American Revolution.

But few visitors ponder over the top part of the statue, for carved in the folds of the goddess' robe, near her left leg, and partly concealed, sits an owl—and nobody knows why.

For years, students and professors have speculated on the meaning of the owl. The historian of Columbia University, M. Halsey Thomas, maintains that, as a symbol of wisdom, the owl is hidden and must be sought out.

A professor of history notes that

the sculptor, Daniel Chester French, was a member of a Greek fraternity whose symbol is an owl. According to this theory, the sculptor included it as a bit of fraternity loyalty.

Another explanation is that Athena, goddess of wisdom, had an owl as one of her symbols of office.

Recently Alma Mater had her fiftieth birthday. In her rigid lifetime, the goddess has collected many golden memories. She can remember when baseballs slammed out of a nearby ball field. Only one man ever hit a baseball so hard it rolled within inches of her feet. His name was Lou Gehrig — one of Columbia's most famous students.

This college year, the statue will be present as usual when the University celebrates its 200th academic year.

As visitors, foreigners, famous persons, and officialdom tour the campus, they will see the owl also and perhaps a few more explanations will be offered.

It is doubtful, however, if the mystery will be solved. Perhaps the creator of Alma Mater intended it never be solved. That task will be left to the scholars and Sherlock Holmes's of the future.

Only Alma Mater knows — and she isn't talking.

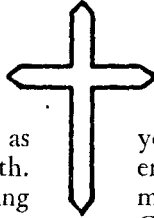
Dr. Daniel A. Poling

PREACHING FULLBACK

By Howard Rushmore

AMONG the Protestant clergymen in this country, the huge figure of Dr. Daniel A. Poling stands as a man cut from the whole cloth. Often called the "Preaching Fullback," this dynamic evangelical minister has done a lot of Party-line bucking in a day and age when too many of his colleagues are playing left guard on the Communist-front teams.

Unlike some preachers who have gained their professional and social standing by playing a cagey game of politics in and out of the church, Dr. Poling has achieved a position of world leadership in Protestant circles by being with the minority most of the time. This includes his present highly articulate criticism of clergymen entrapped by lofty-sounding Communist programs and goes back to 1912, when as a youthful minister he ran for governor of Ohio on the Dry ticket. In 1919, he edited a church report defending the then unpopular steel strikers and in 1952, he spoke on behalf of Joe McCarthy's re-election in Milwaukee. To the consternation of his



Republican friends, Dr. Poling campaigned for Roosevelt in 1944, and six years later was running belligerently and unsuccessfully for mayor of Philadelphia on the GOP ticket.

Despite this independent attitude (or perhaps because of it), Dr. Poling has become one of America's top preachers, the pastor of two of the nation's greatest churches. He also is editor of the *Christian Herald*, which is read by 43,000 ministers and 350,000 Protestant laymen, and has authored sixteen books. He is also the grand old man of American evangelical faith, a creed which is fond of repeating Dr. Poling's saying: "In God We Trust means more than four words on our coins." This statement has been his basic text throughout his 68 busy years.

A man of this stripe is not to be sneezed off. When Dr. Poling defended J. B. Matthews in a now-historic letter in the *New York Times* last July, many a clergyman of the more "liberal" persuasion grew apoplectic over Dr. Poling's stinging words, but none of them tried to

brush him aside as a lightweight. He took out after Dr. John W. Mackay when the latter authored the incredible document for the Presbyterian Church's national council, which in effect said that the present method of fighting Communism is a prelude to domestic fascism. Dr. Poling promptly thundered that this was so much garbage. When the same Dr. Mackay, who has supported more than one Communist front although president of the highly respected Princeton Theological Seminary, warned last year that "anti-Communism is as dangerous as Communism and may be even more so," Dr. Poling arose in the pulpit of Manhattan's eminently respectable Marble Collegiate Church and said bluntly:

"It is unbelievable but true that there are a few, but a potent few, in Christian leadership who call for the recognition of Communist China by the United States. . . . In Korea, Communism has executed more than 600 of his brother clergymen. . . . Would this leader among us have us believe that anti-Communism is as dangerous and may be even more dangerous than that?"

HIS STAND on the Matthews case was not so much a defense of America's outstanding anti-Communist as a criticism of Dr. Poling's brother clergymen. "Matthews never made the mistake of inaction in the face of the Communist threat," Dr. Poling says. "That is a virtue

few of our ministers have acquired." He also saw through the cheap politics of the Democrats who demanded the resignation of Matthews because of the latter's article in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* exposing the participation of Protestant preachers in the Communist apparatus. Matthews quit as staff director of McCarthy's committee rather than embarrass the Wisconsin Senator. In commenting on the whole affair, Dr. Poling set an example of rare honesty in such matters by stating he had been on a Communist front during World War II but publicly resigned as soon as he found the comrades were directing the choir. In his letter to the *Times*, Dr. Poling wrote:

"But the embarrassment remains that when Matthews, a former Protestant missionary and still a Protestant, after affirming that the Communist Party had, over a period of seventeen years, enlisted the support of at least 3,500 professors, stated specifically in his *AMERICAN MERCURY* article as follows: 'During the same seventeen-year period the Communist Party has enlisted the support of at least 7,000 Protestant clergymen — Party members, fellow travelers, espionage agents, Party-line adherents and unwilling dupes' — he made a statement that I believe he will be able to support with facts."

Dr. Poling expected a barrage of criticism from other Protestants, but instead received more than 100 letters — including two from Bishops

of the Methodist Church — supporting his position. There were two letters of adverse criticism.

THE CHIEF concern of this husky man, whose erect, broad shoulders still reflect the power he used in plunges at the opposing line on the gridiron back in his native Oregon, is the refusal of the vast body of Protestant ministry to join the battle against Communism, publicly and articulately. "Inaction, inaction," Dr. Poling moans. He is worried, too, about the members of the present generation who are taking the cloth.

"These young men, at least a considerable number of them, enter seminaries full of evangelical fervor and come out without any of the passion of their high calling. Somewhere in that seminary they are filled with insidious doubts concerning the fundamental beliefs of evangelical Christianity. They graduate doubting the values of American freedom and the American way of life. I blame their teachers in our seminaries."

Dr. Poling's rejection of the so-called Christian Socialist attitudes of some Protestant preachers is unequivocal. In 1948, the World Council of Churches at the Amsterdam convention passed a resolution condemning both capitalism and Communism. Whereupon Dr. Poling said in his widely read editorial page of the *Christian Herald*:

"While 'capitalism' is no longer an

adequate phrase, what it connotes is inclusive of what we Americans are, have been, and, under God, purpose to become. The very essence of freedom, with the particulars of all the freedoms and with the right to correct abuses and to perfect our form of democracy, centers in this so-called 'capitalism.' We face our faults and failures, our too little practice of great principles, but capitalism (or to use another and synonymous term, the American way of life) is also man's open door to better things, and from it comes food for his journey and light for his way. To pillory all this, to condemn it equally with Communism . . . is, to an overwhelming majority in all faiths, rank hypocrisy."

This dissent comes from a man who has spent almost fifty years in the pulpit and whose family over the past seven generations has given the nation thirteen ministers. But "Dan," as thousands call him, is no stuffed shirt. A ruggedly handsome man with a shock of thick, black hair and alert brown eyes, Dr. Poling looks far younger than his years. His tremendous energy and stamina date back to the Oregon college days when he was heavyweight boxing champ, a track star and captain of the football team. The latter sport, the ex-fullback recalls, led to one of those embarrassing moments known to every preacher. Appearing before a small neighborhood church the day after a particularly bruising game, the

young fullback asked his congregation to kneel in prayer. Suddenly Dr. Poling discovered he couldn't do the same; his left knee was so stiff it refused to bend, so he remained erect and presented a slowly reddening face to his parishioners.

He went from Oregon to Ohio and, while a minister there, joined the crusade against John Barleycorn and had his first bout with politics. Despite the fact that he was four years too young to be eligible for the office, Dr. Poling ran for governor on the Dry ticket. He stumped the entire state and gained a reputation as an orator but lost the election. He is still a passionate foe of liquor in all forms but is now against legislation of the Volstead Act type. He believes that education on the liquor question will one day prove the Drys are right.

In 1920, Dr. Poling was called to the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City where he embraced the Dutch Reformed denomination of which he is still a member. This was after he had served overseas with the War Camp Community Service Committee in World War I, during which he was gassed and wounded by shrapnel. He was a pacifist then; now he is an ardent advocate of Universal Military Training.

A minister who has worked from twelve to sixteen hours a day all his life, Dr. Poling has been world leader of the Christian Endeavor Union, an organization of Protestant youth in more than 100 nations.

As editor of the *Christian Herald*, he also oversees such projects as the Bowery Mission, a Florida home for retired ministers, and a children's home in Nyack, New York.

PROBABLY his favorite project, aside from stirring up his fellow preachers to do something about Communism, is the interfaith movement. His son Clark, who gave every promise of succeeding his father as an outstanding Protestant minister, went down on the *S.S. Dorchester* with three other chaplains of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths after they had given their lifebelts to GI's who had none. Dr. Poling spearheaded the construction of an interfaith shrine dedicated to the four immortal chaplains in the Baptist Temple. It is so built that services can be held for the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths and the shrine is now a Philadelphia landmark.

Clark was the second son among his eight children. It took all Dr. Poling's Christian forbearance to refrain from punching the nose of a pacifist minister who once said during an argument over military training: "Didn't your son's death teach you a lesson?"

Dr. Poling looked him in the eye and snapped:

"Yes, his death helped preserve the right of free speech which you are using to the full extent. Clark's death taught me that. I don't intend to forget it."

FOR SHORT selections and for pops, the 45 r.p.m. disc — a small record with a large hole — is a perfect vehicle. And the record companies have been busily transcribing to “45” a treasure house of old jazz and nostalgia-packed old tunes — as well as the new output of Tin Pan Alley.

On the Epic label, for example, you can now get that Artie Shaw masterpiece, *The Blues*, a rollicking hunk of barrel-house music paced by Shaw’s lilting clarinet. This was one of the great records of the late “swing” era — and wonderful stuff. And Columbia has put on another extended-play “45” the two sides of the old *Just a Mood*, a quietly stirring blues

played by the incomparable Teddy Wilson. He is aided by Harry James, for a wonder voicing and phrasing in perfect taste on his trumpet, and Red Norvo on the vibraphone. In all, top drawer jazz.

Working down memory lane, RCA-Victor has put together a collection of old hits, gathered from its catalogue. Benny Goodman runs through *These Foolish Things*, the vocal handled by the casually sexy Helen Ward; Artie Shaw does pretty things to *All the Things You Are*, and so does Helen Forrest’s singing;

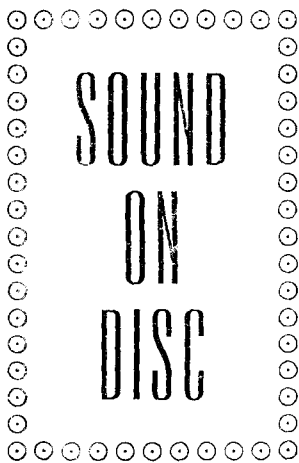
there is a smoothly danceable *Once in a While* by Tommy Dorsey; and Duke Ellington’s *I Got It Bad* and *That Ain’t Good* reminds us just how superlatively Ivy Anderson could put over a song.

In its “Treasury of Immortal Performances,” RCA issues a gathering of Great Trumpet

Artists: a 1933 recording of Louis Armstrong’s *Basin Street Blues*; an indifferent *Frankie & Johnnie* by the late Bunny Berigan; the fabulous Bunk Johnson’s New Orleans Band hitting on all fours with *When the Saints Go Marching In*; and an antique oddity — the Whiteman orchestra’s *From Monday On* — with the legendary Bix Beiderbecke play-

ing a singing lead cornet and a weirdly soprano Bing Crosby (vintage 1928) razz-ma-tazzing with the Rhythm Boys in pre-croon manner. And for those who like their jazz pure, there is another single extended-play by RCA-Victor — four sides recorded in 1926 by Jelly Roll Morton, a titan of the art, playing in top form such characteristic pieces as *The Chant* and *Black Bottom Stomp*. This is truly a collector’s item.

Bunny Berigan, a great trumpet player, who drank and played himself to death in the early swing era.



is given a whole "45" album to himself. It features, as it should, the famous *I Can't Get Started*, of which his saucy vocal and lyric trumpet cadenzas justly attained jazz immortality. *'Deed I Do*, *High Society*, *Jelly Roll Blues*, and other numbers are also represented. Fats Waller, a musician of vast pianistic resources and boundless humor, rips apart eight pop tunes which he recorded in the 1930's. Just about the best are *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down* and *You're Not the Only Oyster* — although for the spoofing of a saccharine ballad, his *It's a Sin to Tell a Lie* has little competition.

Some "45" singles worthy of mention: Xavier Cugat's *Temptation* and *Orchids in the Moonlight*, two tangos of eminently enjoyable sentimentality played in a slickly Latin manner (Columbia) . . . Marlene Dietrich's sly *Look Me Over Closely* — no voice, but dig that delivery (Columbia).

ADMIRERS of Cole Porter — and they are legion — can get the songs of "Kiss Me Kate," as taken off the film sound track, on a 12-inch 33 r.p.m. record. Kathryn Grayson, Howard Peel, Ann Miller, and others give the score a run for its money. But their gusto and good singing only partially obscure the fact that Porter has done much better with other musical comedy scores. (M-G-M.)

Off the beaten sound track is an exciting record of Haitian music. Remington has titled it *Voodoo*,

which gives an impression of incessant cross-beat drumming and formless chanting. It is instead a compendium of lovely folk melodies, beautifully sung by Emy de Pradines . . . The Spanish Music Center has put on LP wax a session of *cante hondo* and flamenco music. Orestes Menendez, accompanied by the gypsy virtuoso guitarist, Carlos Montoya, sings with a rough and moving plangency . . . Los Chavales de Espana can be heard in person at New York's Waldorf Astoria. They can also be heard on another SMC disc, *Viva Espana*, running a gamut of pasodobles, canciones, and boleros in true Iberian fashion. The SMC catalogue, incidentally, is a treasure house of rumbas, congos, mambos, bull ring music, and of all things, a recitation of the poems of the great Spanish poet, Federico Garcia Lorca, whose synthesis of folk verse and the surrealist vision give his work a startling, yet evocative quality.

There is much on the classical side which warrants attention, but it will have to wait until the next edition of this record summary. As a teaser: Period's recording of two cello concerti played by Janos Starker and the Castle Hill Festival Orchestra. The Mozart concerto is a transcription for cello of the well-known and lovely *Horn Concerto No. 3 in E Flat Major*. The Boccherini concerto, in B Flat, is both gracious and moving. The recording is acoustically faithful and Starker is first rate. R. DE T

A SCHOOL BEHIND PRISON BARS

By Josh M. Drake, Jr.

EVER SINCE Oklahoma became a state, young men have been sent to the Oklahoma State Reformatory at Granite when they broke the law. Many of them were just scared kids who had started running around with the wrong crowd and had landed in trouble. Others were from broken homes where they had never known the meaning of love and affection and the right examples of a Christian home.

For many years this so-called reformatory was just a school for crime. Those kids who had made their first mistake were thrown in cells with hardened criminals who had already served time. And so the kids left jail much more criminally inclined than on the day they entered. In most cases they were back in prison in less than a year.

Finally the situation became so bad that Roy J. Turner, who was then governor of Oklahoma, appointed an ex-teacher as warden.

That was only six years ago, but

the changes that Joe Harp has brought about would fill several volumes. Joe Harp realized that most of these young inmates were just bewildered boys who had made mistakes, and if handled right could be turned into useful citizens.^f He set up a grade school and a high school inside the prison walls. He knew that most of the lads had been underprivileged children and had had little schooling.

He did not make attending school compulsory. He said that those who wished to attend morning school would be excused from a half day's work to do so. Many enrolled to get out of work, but after a short time became interested in their school work. Sympathetic, patient and able teachers were hired, and guards who insisted upon abusing the inmates were fired.

Those interested in certain trades like carpentry, plumbing, mechanics and barbering were given extra instruction. When possible, they were assigned to the kind of work they

planned to do when they were released.

For the past six years the high school seniors have graduated from the school inside the Granite Reformatory and have received diplomas. A large majority of the young men who serve their terms at the Oklahoma State Reformatory go back to society with an education and a useful trade. It is a rare occasion when one of Joe Harp's graduates returns to prison.

As far as Joe Harp knows, his school inside prison bars — Lakeside School — is the only one of its kind in America. The diplomas received by the inmates do not have the name of the prison stamped on them.

JOE HARP is a very sincere person and when he feels that he has helped some young man, he is especially happy. He believes that with the right kind of training and discipline, mixed with the right amount of sympathy and understanding, a large majority of our first offenders can be made into good citizens. The record set by the young men who have graduated from his school proves beyond a doubt that his theory is correct.

Joe Harp encourages his boys to participate in all competitive sports because it teaches them fair play. His boys play matched games of football, basketball and baseball with many high schools in western

Oklahoma; and everywhere they play they are complimented for their sportsmanship.

In Warden Harp's office sits a big gold trophy. He says he is prouder of that than anything that was ever given to him. The story behind it began last winter when a member of his boxing team, whom I shall call Bob for obvious reasons, finished his term and was released.

Bob moved to Lawton and later boxed in the Southwestern Oklahoma Golden Glove Boxing Tournament. He won four fights and became very popular with the fans. He lost the fifth fight in the finals by a very close decision. Most of the fans thought he had won and when the referee held up his opponent's hand as a sign of victory, the crowd booed the officials for over five minutes.

Bob smiled and told reporters that he was sure that the officials were correct and honest. When the tournament was over, the officials awarded Bob, the ex-convict, the big sportsmanship trophy.

A short time after that, Bob drove to Granite to visit Warden Harp as many of the ex-inmates do. He handed the trophy to Joe Harp saying, "Joe, I want you to have this. I feel that you deserve it more than I. Without your help I never would have won it."

Joe Harp says he wouldn't trade that trophy for every white-faced steer and oil well in the whole state of Oklahoma.

By Julie Hatch

COLOMBIA

THE LAND OF THE OLD AND THE NEW



AFTER SIX WEEKS of vacationing and traveling in Colombia, one can't help but notice the terrific contrast: modern versus primitive is the trademark of today's Colombia. Everywhere you go, the contrast is brought home to you in a thousand ways; the burro versus the wings of the airlines; the great mansions versus the lean-to huts of the natives; and the European sophistication versus the illiteracy of a great percentage of the people.

Colombia is the land of the very old and the new. The old is represented by its narrow, dirty streets; thatched huts; and the great walls of the City of Cartagena, which were built in the sixteenth century to keep the pirates out. The modern tourist hotels which have been erected in Cartagena and Barranquilla are almost as modern as those

you might find in the States. They are plush yet much less expensive. Ten dollars a day, including three meals, is an average rate charged by two of the largest tourist hotels which, incidentally, front the beautiful Caribbean.

In Cartagena, where my husband spent several months on business, we found great wealth and extreme poverty. There is the fine aristocracy, who guard their lineages with much jealousy; and there exist also the great mixtures of Europeans who have migrated to this country.

The great class distinction is very cleverly — but definitely — drawn. The fine families, of which there are but a few, remain aloof in their great tile homes with high walls surrounding each and every one. Their daughters are allowed out in the evening only when accompanied by a chap-

crone in the person of the mother or some other close relative. There is no such thing in Colombia as a "date" before the engagement period. Even then the engaged girl may go out at night with her fiancé only when accompanied by other couples.

BARRANQUILLA, located at the mouth of the Magdalena River, is a prosperous and bustling shipping center. Aside from the capital, Bogotá, it is one of the most enterprising and progressive cities. In Barranquilla, within recent years, sewage disposal plants and adequate electricity have been installed, and manufacturing concerns of all kinds are springing up.

Their labor problems will soon cause much havoc. The great extremes also prevail here because the Americans receive, as a rule, excellent salaries in order to entice high caliber men to go to South America; in contrast, the native laborer makes practically nothing. One dollar a day is the average pay for laborers — and usually the work they produce per day isn't worth any more. A head waiter in one of the best hotels told me he made 400 pesos a month. With the legal rate of exchange being two and one-half pesos for one American dollar, he earned approximately one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Stenographers with typing and shorthand get from 185 to 200 pesos a month. Most of the wealthier families have six and seven servants whom they pay 20 to 25 pesos a

month (around eight to ten dollars per month) plus room and board.

Bogotá, which is situated high in the mountains, has an entirely different climate, as it is around 8,500 feet above sea level. We happened to be in Bogotá the night Rojas Pinilla took over the Colombian Presidency from the dictator of five years, Laureano Gomez. Dancing went on at the hotel as usual. Everything was very calm and serene. At eleven p.m. the hotel manager made an announcement and everyone drank a toast to the new "Presidente." It was the most brilliantly and perfectly staged event that I, as a rank outsider, had ever witnessed.

An Army man had taken over the Presidency and he had done it astutely with complete organization in all three military departments. Not a shot was fired!

To all Americans, as it was to us, this must have been an amazing change, especially when one realized that Colombia has been living under a virtual semi-dictator for the past five years. The ruling party does not in any way recognize the party of the opposition; hence the virtual dictatorship. Rojas Pinilla has promised to change all this for Colombia and only time can prove whether or not this will be accomplished.

The businessmen are beginning to realize the potential future of Colombia and have a great desire to unite and promote the welfare of the country as a whole. With the new President, they may succeed.

IS EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW

A Myth?

BY LUCILLE BRITT

"MONEY can't buy justice!" is a statement that every one of us would like to believe is true. As citizens of a democracy, we are guaranteed justice and equality under law; yet many, many thousands of people will tell you it just isn't there. They say that only the rich can afford justice. "The little man hasn't a chance." "I can't afford to prove I'm right." "What good would it do to fight him?" "What else can I do but plead guilty? I haven't got a chance!" These are the futile words of the little guy who, after providing himself and his family with their minimum daily needs, cannot afford to hire a lawyer. He will give up rather than fight for his rights because he knows that he hasn't got enough money to buy justice.

And these aren't just the opinions of the persecuted. Howard L. Barkdull, president of the American Bar Association, says: "Without the services of a lawyer, the chances of

a fair result in a domestic matter, a land dispute, the settlement of a small estate, a claim for damages or the like, are slim."

In 1947, thirty-eight thousand defendants were prosecuted for major crimes without a defense lawyer. Were they deprived of justice, too?



Justin Miller, while serving as a federal judge, described the situation thus:

"The accused person — that is, the *poor* accused person who, of course, cannot provide bail — remains in close, police-controlled custody without contact with the outside world during the whole precious [pre-trial] period, except as may be permitted by the police; while the Federal Bureau of Investigation is scouring the world for evidence, analyzing bloodstains, comparing fingerprints, and going through the rest of the elaborate process which precedes arraignment. He has no protection from third degree; he is subjected to constant

suggestion that he plead guilty, that he can't 'beat' the law, that if he throws himself on the mercy of the court it will go easier with him. I have been a prosecuting attorney and, make no mistake, I know how it is done.

"As a result, from 70 to 90 per cent of all accused persons plead guilty upon arraignment, and no further inquiry is made. Many of these are guilty. But it should be obvious that of the innocent ones, the poor, ignorant, intimidated person, unrepresented by counsel and unadvised by friends, is the one most apt to plead guilty. It is only those who have the physical hardihood and the mental balance necessary to withstand these pressures who plead not guilty and thus reach the point where they may ask and receive the appointment of assigned counsel. Then, and then only, can an effort be made to find evidence — which in most instances has already been thoroughly combed and conditioned by the government; then for the first time is consideration given to the right to process for the production of witnesses; and all this under the bright light of police observation and judicial insistence upon speed in getting to trial. What a contrast to the months of quiet, careful, scientific investigation by the government, aided by repeated questioning of the accused to learn his habits, his associates and his activities during preceding years."

DID you know that about 20 per cent of the people in the United States, including 16,000,000 living in cities, are unable to pay fees for legal help? That every year more than seven people out of every thousand need this kind of help?

A desperate widow writes: "My brother and his family moved into the second-floor apartment of my house. They will not pay me the rent which is my only income. They have made expensive changes without my consent and charge all this to me. What can I do? Is there someone who can help me? I can't afford to fight them in court."

A grandmother asks: "Can you tell me what I can do about gaining some financial support for my daughter's child? Her husband deserted her three years ago. The child has had three expensive operations and we don't know where the money is coming from. Is there some way that the father can be made to help support his child?"

These are just two of the many, many people who need help — legal help — but do not know where to go to get it. Each case represents an injustice, but in their minds they know that justice costs money. They are searching for someone to help them. The "lawyer's Red Cross" — the Legal Aid Society — offers the sound advice and skilled representation that they need, but they have either never heard of the availability of legal help, or

they are reluctant to ask a lawyer for what must be charity.

Nearly everyone at some time or another in his life needs a lawyer. We are surrounded by laws, the rules and regulations that make it possible to live in peace and harmony with our neighbors, but too frequently we do not understand how these laws protect us.

For the poor man in trouble, who cannot afford to buy his constitutional right to equal justice, legal aid does exist. In New York City, the Legal Aid Society has well earned the nickname, "the poor man's lawyer," in the seventy-seven years since it was incorporated. Last year alone, the Society helped more than 50,000 persons who were unable to pay for legal advice. Here a full-time paid staff of thirty-seven attorneys and thirty-eight investigators and clerical workers are abetted in their work by the generous help of volunteers.

In Boston, Reginald Heber Smith, a vice-president of the National Legal Aid Association, reports: "It is literally true today that any person in Boston needing a lawyer would quickly be referred to the Legal Aid Society if he made any inquiries. He would be referred by the newspapers, the social agencies, the police, the clerks of court, the district attorneys, the Red Cross, the American Legion, the Veterans Administration, the hospitals, and the Bar Association."

This ideal situation does not

exist universally, but throughout the country lawyers are working toward this goal. In California, the lawyers of San Francisco have revitalized the Legal Aid Society in that city and are raising among themselves the funds needed to supplement the Community Chest appropriation and to assure adequate service to the public. More than 250 Legal Aid organizations of various kinds are now operating in the United States. These handle more than 348,000 cases, both civil and criminal, according to figures compiled by the National Legal Aid Association.

While the greatest need is in the larger cities, help is not wholly confined to them. Owosso, Michigan; Lincoln, Nebraska; Marysville, Ohio; Arnett, Oklahoma; Marfa, Texas; Roanoke, Virginia, are some of the smaller communities with Legal Aid available to those who are in need of it.

TYPICAL of the kind of cases that may come into the offices is that of Mary Ellen, age seven, from the New York City files.

Mary's parents had separated before she was born. Her mother, Mrs. J —, had rejected the baby at birth and told her sister, Susan, to take her if she wanted her. Mrs. J — proceeded to another state and divorced her husband.

Years went by. Aunt Susan and Grandmother cared for the child through the ups and downs of

infancy with loving tenderness. In the course of seven years, Mary Ellen's mother visited her only twice, and never gave a penny for her support.

Then one day Mrs. J — turned up with a new husband and announced her intention to take Mary Ellen away. Aunt Susan said No. The mother got a judge to order Aunt Susan to produce the child in court.

Aunt Susan and Grandmother were frantic and turned to Legal Aid. No, they had never had court papers giving them custody of Mary Ellen. They had simply opened their arms to the baby when the mother couldn't be bothered.

What was to be done? In the law's eyes, a mother is the proper person to bring up her child unless she is not a "fit person." Was Mary Ellen's mother a fit person? She was now married to a prosperous husband and financially much better able to provide for the child than Aunt Susan, who was working and whose earnings were meager.

After carefully weighing all the evidence, the court held that Mary Ellen should remain with her Aunt Susan, whose fitness was richly documented. The court gave to Mary Ellen's mother full rights of visitation, and stern orders to contribute to the child's support.

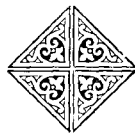
Had Aunt Susan not known of Legal Aid and had not gone to them with her troubles, she might have given up the fight in the face

of a threat of "the best lawyers in the country." Mary Ellen's fate would have been far different. The Legal Aid Society prevented a miscarriage of justice.

It has long been the practice of the medical profession to turn no one from their doors for want of ability to pay for medical services. The extension of the help of Legal Aid to all persons in trouble with the law, or in need of legal advice, is as vital a service as that administered by the physician. Judge Conway of the New York Court of Appeals has said: "All right-thinking men agree that a person requiring the advice or assistance of a lawyer should receive it whether or not he can afford it . . . that a grievance against the administration of justice can do more social harm than suffering on account of lack of hospital facilities."

Equal justice under law is our constitutional right, but to reach this desirable goal we must indiscriminately administer that justice. Private lawyers do give their services, but it is impossible for them to fulfill the needs of those who cannot afford competent legal advice. Then, too, a person will not go as willingly to a private lawyer and say, "I can't afford to pay you," as he will to an organization established for his benefit.

Legal Aid, long overdue in many communities, has undertaken the responsibility for making democracy work, and it is performing miracles



Tokyo's Cemetery for Animals

BY BERYL KENT

JAPAN is one of the few countries in the world which has animal cemeteries where burial rites are performed with the same ceremonial solemnity accorded human beings. Laid to eternal rest in a secluded graveyard in the small city of Itabashi (on the outskirts of Tokyo) are about 30,000 animals — dogs, cats, goats, monkeys, and one horse.

A graveyard restricted to animals may seem queer to the average Occidental, who, though he dearly loves his pets in life, usually calls the Board of Health when an animal approaches old age or dies. Particularly does it seem strange that the Japanese, who is notoriously undemonstrative towards animals, should originate this showy, albeit tender, ritual. However, the followers of Buddhism — the tolerant, hopeful creed which promises rest at last to all — expect all living things to come

under its benevolence. Therefore, they exalt the passing of the animal in accordance with traditional burial services given to members of their own families.

The Buddhist animal cemetery which was started at Itabashi about twenty-five years ago is still open for business. Although the weeds and shrubbery have grown tall and wild, almost obscuring the graves and obliterating the paths between, an imperturbable dignity still persists. Perhaps it emanates from the presence of Kwannon (a statue), who, flanked by a watchful dog and cat, serenely surveys her domain. Perhaps it's due to the numerous wooden name tags which hang row on row in the lean-to built against the trees, to mark the dead. Like the muffled efforts of a dog trying to push the door open, the slats click mournfully against the wooden shed.

Perhaps it is none of these things, but the undeniable common doom which has united man and animal.

But however dignified death may be, it is still a costly business, and in this cemetery, burial prices range from 120 yen for a small animal to 140 yen for a large one. (360 yen equal one American dollar.) This used to entitle the animal to cremation in compliance with Buddhist teachings. Now, however, due to the shortage of charcoal in recent years, the dead animals are interred, Shinto manner, in the earth.

DURING the burial rites, the attendants, wearing white (the traditional color of mourning in Japan) gather round the grave. A Buddhist priest conducts the ceremony of farewell, which closely follows the ritual prescribed for humans. A prayer is said, partly laudatory and partly a petition for safe guidance of the soul. To where, it is not known, since there is neither a heaven nor a hell in the Buddhist belief of the continued existence of the dead.

The disembodied spirit simply navigates to a dark world, *yami-no-kuni*. Sometimes the soul starts off on an endless journey where it passes from one body to another in successive forms. The doctrine of transmigration is not unknown in other parts of the world where many people believe that humans are reincarnated as animals.

During the prayer the priest as-

signs a "death" name to the animal and this is the name usually inscribed on the tombstone. If the living name is used, it is carved on a different side of the tablet. Sometimes, immediately after the priest has recited the incantation giving official sanction for the soul to start its flight, the mourners will softly call the living name of the animal. It is commonly believed the departing spirit may hear and return.

While the Japanese may smile as he tells you of the death of an animal, he will often sob piteously at the funeral service. He will also observe *Hakamairi*, the traditional custom of making periodical visits to the grave of the deceased. In about one hundred days after burial, the Japanese return to place food and incense before the Buddha and a light on the grave. Because of the prevalent belief that the immortal souls of the dead retain some interest in the spheres where they once lived, the Japanese make it easier for the curious souls to return and see how things are getting on.

The animal cemetery may be the Japanese answer to the interminable argument of life . . . whether man and animal belong to one family. A less moot and more pointed answer was given by the present caretaker of the cemetery. When Gens-chichi Saki, who has held his job for the past fifteen years, was asked whether or not he liked animals, he replied sagely, "The ones in the cemetery."



Editor's Note:
Miss de Grandchamp,
who came to this
country from France
only a year ago, tells
her story in her
own (newly acquired)
English words.

The Discovery **of AMERICA**

★ *By Aline de Grandchamp*

SINCE a month, I am discovering America. I do it thoroughly, what Mr. Christopher Columbus did not. Let me tell you his reputation is nothing but fake. If you compare what I have to discover every day, willing it or not, to what he did, you will see I am right.

After all, what has he discovered? A new land and few Indians. What is that, compared to the numbers of things I have to face? For him, just one problem — will the Indians be friendly or not? If they were not, no problem at all: you killed them, or they killed you.

Believe me, America is harder to discover now. I am certain if the old Christopher came back now, he would quit after few hours, asking to have his wild Indians back instead of the enemies I face. Now, Columbus could not stand America for a day. Why? Because he would not be smart enough.

I do not complain about you. If there were only Americans in

America, life would be pleasant here. In fact, it is to be among you that I came.

My enemies are your gadgets. I owe to them every difficult moment I have had in States; and believe me there were many of them.

These gadgets began to play their tricks on me the very first instant I reached New York. Having to go to Boston. I bought a coach ticket and went in the train. Once inside, seeing how luxury it was, I understood I have been mistaken. This train was obviously first class. I begun to go through the wagon, in order to find a coach one. I got easily through the next two wagons; of course, doors being opened between them. It was still first class, with deep leaning armchair smoking lounge and so on. So, I kept going on, until I came to a close door. I was surprised, because, through the glass, I could see it was still first class in the next. Anyhow, I had to get through; I did not want to be

charged for traveling first class with a coach ticket.

I tried to turn the door's handle; I could not, it was stuck. Again and again, I tried to force it, when I saw I did not succeed turning it on the right, I tried on the left; maybe here, handles moved that way. Left or right, it was impossible to open this exasperating door. The sight of a coming controller gave me a new strength; I pushed and turned in the same time; nothing move.

"Want to go in the other car, Miss?" The controller was behind me.

"I have a coach ticket, but I did not come first class in purpose. . . ."

"But this is coach, we have no first class in this train."

I was so surprised that I stay silent.

Smiling at me, he went through the door, which opened itself as a magical one.

"How did you do it?" The words were out of my mouth before I had realized it; generally I try to hide my stupidity. He smiled again. "Air-pressure doors, more easy to open."

"Oh yes, much more," said I, knowing how "easy" it was. Afraid to meet another door, I did not follow him, and went back in the smoking lounge. Now that I knew this was coach, it was not necessary anymore to go further. While I lay in my leaning armchair, breathing an air-conditioned atmosphere, I wondered what first class could be.

Maybe it is more expensive, because they have no air-pressure door in them.

THEN, everything went fine, until I had the silly idea to want to go washing my hands. If I had known what this was going to be, I certainly should have choose to arrive in Boston with dirty hands. After all, I was very confident when I reached the washroom, because I had not met any door while coming to it, and the one at its entrance opened easily.

Of course, it was much bigger, more nicely painted than in a European train; and the water was really hot. In Europe, you hardly see a difference between hot and cold, and sometimes you do not see any water coming. I enjoyed the place, until the moment I needed to dry my hands. There were no towel in sight. I was very surprised by such lack. It could not be because they had forgotten to put a new towel, for I did not see any towel holder. I had some difficulties to understand, how you could think of air-pressure doors, and forget towel holder.

But each country has its customs; maybe some beauty recipe has told you it was better for hands' skin to get dry by itself. By luck, having a clean handkerchief in my handbag, I could use it as towel.

I was combing my hair, when a lady came in; she began to wash her hands. She had them under water

before I could tell her there was no towel. It was too late to tell her anything now; I hoped she had a handkerchief, but in case she had not, I did better to stay to lend her mine.

Powdering my nose, I watched her in the mirror. She pushed something near the lavabo; a paper towel appeared; she took it and dried her hands. Doing it, she noticed my glance, and perhaps my stupefaction. Smiling at me, she said: "So hygienic this towels, is it not?"

"Oh yes, very convenient indeed," said I. After all, what the use to explain to her. Certain experiences must remain personal.

WHEN I reached my friend's home in the country, I thought my trouble were over; the house looked like an old-fashioned house, there was not even a TV in the living room, no dishwasher in the kitchen. I felt safe, this was a kind of house I was used to. After dinner, we talk a lot, and it was very late when we went to bed. My bedroom looked like a Normandy one, with its white and green curtains and its very simple furniture. I could almost feel at home in it. Since I had been left alone, I felt very sleepy, so, I unpacked quickly having only one idea: take a bath and go to bed. Taking my bathing things out of the suitcase, I went in the bathroom. As I had brush, a sponge, soap, toothpaste in one

hand, I had some difficulties to find the switch-light. So, having put back all this things on my bed, I had my two hands, walking up and down, along both side of the door, without finding any switch-light. It might be somewhere around the lavabo. Like a blind one, I walked into the bathroom, very carefully, very slowly, in order to do not hurt myself. At last, I reached the bottom wall, felt the cold of the enamel sink, and again, up and down, right, left, had my fingers slide all over the wall: nothing to push or pull.

Puzzled, I went back in the bedroom. Compared to where I came from, it seemed lighted to the utmost point. My first thought was to go knocking at my friend's door; but a look at the clock stopped me to do so. It was one A.M. She would be asleep now.

After all, I did not need so much light to take a bath. When I would be used to it, the light coming from the bedroom would allow me to move. I fully opened the door, carried one of the lamps as near as I could, and doing so, felt very proud of myself. How clever I was, instead of this hard light they use to have in bathroom. I had a very soft one; of course, it was not question to do any makeup by such light, but, for a before-going-to-bed-bath, it was ideal, and so restful. A look at the bath itself, and my happiness was over. Oh, it was a fine bath; square, in green enamel, a nice rug was on the side, light green, too, with my

friend's initials on it. All this made a pretty sight; to look at, it was nice, and I should have certainly enjoyed to see it on a magazine, but wanting a bath, it was different. I should have liked better my own bathroom back home, with its bad plumbing and its old-shape bath, maybe it was not so good looking, but at least there were handles. This beautiful home showpiece had not any. Something, shining in the bottom, proved water could be brought in it since it was supposed to get out through there. But where the water came from, and how? Investigations all around, both with eyes and hands, did not allow me to find out. I was so exasperated, I felt so dumb, so furious, that, without even brushing my teeth (maybe the sink worked on magic water, too) I jumped in my bed, very surprised to see the sheets opening normally.

ON THE MORNING, my friend was awfully sorry to learn about it, but could not help laughing at me: "I did not think of it; it is so simple."

It was indeed; a paddle, worked with her foot, filled the bath in a minute, and the switch-light was something you turn at the end of an enamel stick, over the sink.

My friend having to go in town, I was left alone in the house. "Make yourself at home; fix up your breakfast as you like; take anything you want in the refrigerator. Do you think you could?" She said so

to tease me, but since she knew about the bath, I had the feeling she was disappointed on me.

"Of course I can; I am not so dumb." I could said this because, yesterday night, I had noticed the kitchen was very normal.

Once dressed, I went down to the kitchen. I was hungry. I took some eggs in the refrigerator, put them in a pan with water.

When in front of the stove, I saw it was not exactly what I had expected; obviously it was electric. Seeing many buttons, I tried one, push it on; no change appeared. I pushed another one, being very careful not to touch any one marked "oven," or any word with meaning I was not sure of. I got no result.

Then, I realized my hands had to work again. Immediately I felt the result on my left palm. Now I knew which one was working. I put my eggs on it. Licking my palm, I tried to have another one working for my tea. I pushed a new button, then carefully touched the stove lightly with one finger: it was cold, although I had pushed something.

After few minutes of this kind of experiments, my two pans were warming themselves, while my palm and two fingers were alternately getting wet in my mouth. But the thought to have been able to solve this problem all by myself was a balm on them, as well as the idea of my coming tea and eggs.

I had been wrong in thinking my troubles were over. Very soon, the

water begun to boil so hard it split over. For the tea it was easy — I just took off the pan, pouring the water on my tea. But the eggs needed to boil gently few minutes. How to slow down this stove? Afraid to do more mistakes, I hold up the pan a little upper so it boiled less strongly, but my hands, specially the one which had share the experiments, did not like it. I stayed like that few minutes, holding the pan over the stove, very pleased to be alone in the house. Then I sat down to eat my eggs: they were completely over-cooked. I ate them sadly, too disgusted to make any inquiries in the drawer in order to find salt. I had lost too much confidence to believe anymore I could find it.

Finally, my friend is back; again I went down another peg in her mind. I wanted to settle in my own flat; in it, whatever happen to me, I would be the only one to know it. Two days after, my dream was a reality. I had my key in hand. Meanwhile nothing special had happened, because as it was weekend, Diana did not let me alone one minute, afraid of what I could do. She did it very kindly, but in two days, she succeed in giving me the best inferiority complex any psychiatrist ever had to fight with.

Of course, she drove me in town the following Monday, and let me out near the underground. As the traffic started again, she waved: "Byby, behave yourself." Off she

was, and I must say I was pleased to get rid of her. She is a darling, but since my adventures, she acted toward me as if I were a two years child.

RELIEVED, feeling again as a grown-up one, I went down, buy fare. Seeing a train coming along the platform, I ran toward the turn-pike, but it did not turn around. I missed the train; all I got was a big bump.

"Do you go in?" The girl's voice was impatient, and (maybe was it my imagination) patronizing too.

"Yes," said I, "if I could. This does not work."

"Are you sure?" Passing in front of me, the teen-ager put her fare in a slot, and in she was. But this stubborn thing was closed again in front of me.

"You see; it works," said she triumphantly, lifting her books on her hips. She thought herself pretty smart, but now I know it, I can do it too.

Do not tell me I have been wrong in asking not any explanation. In many others cases I did it, and the only result I got was to find myself more stupid than the average people. Was it not the greatest discovery I could make? Find myself not so smart than I thought to be. Mr. Columbus has not had to do this important discovery. However, he will keep his place in history, while I will remain unknown, in spite of what I have done. Is it not unfair?

Do You Know That...

- ▶ Experts are trying to figure the significance of a Soviet order which prohibits export in 1954 of local newspapers from the minority areas of Russia, but continues to permit export of scientific publications.
- ▶ Twenty-eight member countries of the UN Technical Assistance Program were in arrears on their pledges for 1953 for a total of almost 3½ million dollars, 40 per cent of the whole fund. Uncle Sam took care of the other 60 per cent.
- ▶ A group of missionaries have been working for four years on a series of Chinese dictionaries which, when completed in another two years, will for the first time provide up-to-date equivalents of Chinese characters in English, French, Spanish, Hungarian and Latin.
- ▶ The London fog of 1952 was blamed for a heavy incidence of tuberculosis among the animals in the zoo, causing about 30 per cent of zoo deaths that year.
- ▶ Although Harry S. Truman consistently refused to supply loyalty file information to Congressional committees investigating Communism, he authorized the Internal Revenue Bureau to open all its confidential files to one Senate group.
- ▶ East German Communist officials boast that Moscow increased its aid to that area by about three billion dollars after last summer's uprising.
- ▶ The American public puts almost a billion dollars a year of its own money into juke box coin-slots.
- ▶ British Secret Service is reported to be on the trail of a master smuggler who heads an international gang specializing in switching labels on shipments of strategic materials, diverting them from England to Iron Curtain countries.
- ▶ New tests on the adaptability of the human body to temperature changes indicate that man is able to withstand heat so much better than cold that there is a question whether he has any cold-adjustment mechanism at all.
- ▶ The United Mine Workers pension fund expended almost 139 million dollars in fiscal 1953 on pensions and medical care and other payments to its members, leaving a mere 92 million dollars in reserves.
- ▶ When white bread went back on sale in England late last summer, it was the first time in eleven years that it had been available to the British

N. DE T

POOR DADDY!

By K. G. Merrill

LAST EVENING when I called for my little daughter at a neighbor's home where she and another ten-year-old had been watching television, she commented, "We saw Buck Rogers. Gosh it was exciting!" Then with a certain loftiness, she went on, "Poor Daddy! You didn't have anything like that when you were young, did you?"

As she said this, for some reason a sudden swift flash of recollection — as vivid as a curtain rolling up on a brightly lit stage — brought back a childhood setting I had not envisioned in many years. This setting, laid in St. Paul, Minnesota, at the turn of the century, revealed a stark, bare box of a house, set on a desolate, treeless, windswept bluff high above the Mississippi. A mile from the nearest habitation, it was appallingly alone. Far below on the river bank was a railroad switchyard, where swarms of bums were booted off the rods daily. Upon the broad bosom of the stream itself plied steamers and barges from St. Louis and St. Joseph, which were everlastingly casting off without sundry members of their sodden, vagrant crews — men who, lost in the shambles of a shanty town bordering the tracks, had found competition

with the riff-raff from nearby logging camps too interesting to leave.

A fine place to leave an unusually handsome woman alone! Alone with four small children, during the long days while Father was on his accountant's stool in the city, the long evenings while Father was out singing with his quartet. Mother, however, immediately evolved a defensive routine. From the kitchen she could watch the path to the dirt road. The moment she saw a tramp approaching, she'd blow a whistle and all four of us would tumble into the house, slam the door and lock it. Mother would mount guard. As soon as the man knocked, she'd call: "If you're hungry, I'll set out a bit. But don't move off the path or I'll shoot . . ."

It wasn't long before the bo's put some sort of hex sign on the gate, for after a while we were seldom molested by anyone setting foot on the path. But the occasional prowlers who scrambled up the bluff and, unseen, approached the front of the house, were something else. They really frightened us. But Mother handled them pretty well by the simple expedient of answering the door with a loaded Colt 38 in her hand. They were surprisingly polite...

THE LIGHTING of the scene changed; there were evening shadows; and the whole thing became strangely contemporary. It is after supper and we are all seated around the dining room table under the golden light of an ornate hanging kerosene lamp — warm and comfortable with the indescribable sense of intimacy and security that only a circle of light, outlined against the darkness, can give. Father, as usual, is off with his quartet to add a few sorely needed dollars to his clerk's salary. Mother is reading *Oliver Twist* aloud.

(I am to hear all of Dickens' novels read before I am twelve. During that same period I am to become acquainted with *Vanity Fair* and *The Rose and the Ring*, with *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, with *The Sign of the Four* and *The Speckled Band*, with *The Last of the Mohicans*, with *Moby Dick* and a host of other stories that were a part of the birthright of a child in that era.)

In the middle of the table is a bowl of apples, and at each place a smaller bowl of popcorn which we eat with fine calculation that the last half hour may not find us rationless. Mother's place at the table looks the same as ours — with one addition. Nestling beside her plate is the loaded revolver.

Now Mother has just come to the place where Fagin is delivering young Oliver over to Bill Sykes,

and, having more than a little dramatic talent, is putting spine-tingling conviction into it:

"Take heed, Oliver, take heed," said the old man, shaking his right hand before him. "He's a rough man as thinks nothing of blood when his own is up. Whatever falls out, say nothing, and do what he bids you! Mind!"

Quivering with a pleasurable, vicarious terror, I raise my eyes to the blank, black surface of the window opposite me — and am transfixed with horror. There, nose flattened against the pane, is a face, bestial, degenerate. A blotchy purplish face with bloodshot eyes, and loose wet lips draping snagged teeth. And he's looking at me!

Too scared to scream, I just sit there staring. I see his gaze shift to my mother and his eyes widen into an unspeakable leer. But it doesn't last long. His glance follows her shapely arm downward. Suddenly his expression changes. Consternation, fear, flight, register in split-second succession — and he is gone!

I look at Mother. Her hand is idly fingering the handle of the gun, and she reads on, unperturbed.

FLICK! And the curtain was down again. My daughter's question still hung in the air.

"The Buck Rogers program?" I echoed as we fell in step. "No, darling, Daddy didn't have anything like that when he was young. . . ."

by HARRIET SMITH HAWLEY

They Never Retire

“OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE,” but old clergymen go them one better. They never really retire.

True, at about seventy, they usually step out from active parish work, but this does not mean retirement. The dedicated life and the small pension make retirement impossible for them. Hence, no minister ever becomes an armchair fossil and rarely does one become a mental case.

Businessmen, on the other hand, often go to pieces completely when the office door closes on their daily routine, for even though they may have money, they often lack a directive faith that spells the difference between making a living and living a life.

To ex-ministers, old age is just another challenge to serve; so, we find them moving out into all kinds of interesting activities.

Continued reading keeps them alert, alive to the world of ideas. They not only read, but many of them write. We see their articles in magazines and their books in libraries, for a minister's mind does not cease to function when he leaves active church connection.

Always on call, they substitute for ministers on vacation. They fill

interim terms for churches seeking a new pastor. They officiate at weddings and funerals. They speak before service groups and clubs.

Those who like the country often buy little places and go in strong for gardening, which not only keeps muscles firm but also helps to make a small pension stretch farther. They plant fruit trees and berry bushes. They grow flowers. They see God in sunrise and hear the stars singing together as darkness comes.

“Oh, he's a wonderful man,” say the neighbors of a rector emeritus I know. People of all faiths go to him in trouble. He likes to serve and now at eighty, in spite of a heart ailment, walks a mile every other day to shave an aged friend living alone and in financial stress.

A missionary of many years' service in China, who was a prisoner for two years in a Japanese concentration camp, came back to a village home willed him by a friend. A wreck physically, this ex-missionary was no wreck of spirit, however. With determination, he began to work on his lawns and garden. Before long, he was able to relate his experiences in the East to small groups. Restored to strength at seventy, he answered the call to

preach each Sunday in a little neighboring church that couldn't afford a young man. What the church drew in this old missionary was a dynamo. Inspired by his new leadership, the twelve people of his first congregation went out — like the first twelve — to tell the good news. Now, after five years, the church is crowded every Sunday, the formerly dilapidated edifice artistically restored, and a parish house is being built. The newspaper in the neighboring city often features the unusual “doings” of the King Street Church. And, when this young-old minister recently celebrated his golden anniversary, his grateful parish presented him with a purse of over four hundred dollars.

LAST SPRING while attending the Commencement events of the Northfield School for Girls in Massachusetts, I met at the steps of the beautiful chapel a tall, elderly gentleman who asked where my husband and I were from.

“Connecticut,” we replied.

“Oh,” said he, “I was pastor there of the Waterbury Methodist Church.”

“Perhaps, then, you knew my father,” I ventured, mentioning his name.

“I knew him well,” he beamed, “and if you are here tomorrow, call in on me at the nursing home located down on Main Street. My name is Bronson and I’m eighty-two.”

“He doesn’t look much like an invalid,” exclaimed my husband as we watched him stride up the steps ahead of us, “and proud of his age, evidently.”

Next day, we decided to accept the invitation and inspect the four-story white colonial that had already taken our attention. On inquiry, we found that our Mr. Bronson was in the back lot planting potatoes.

When he saw us, he laughed, shook the dirt off his hands and gave us a cordial welcome.

“Come in,” he beckoned, “and see my establishment. Thirty patients at present and a long waiting list.”

My husband and I exchanged astonished glances, as we realized that this octogenarian minister must be the proprietor of the home.

With pride in every step, he led us through the kitchen into the spacious central hall. As we walked, we noted two or three patients in every room; on the next two floors, more patients. On the fourth floor, we paused.

“This,” said he as he ushered us into a very large room, “was once the ballroom of this ancient inn. You see I’ve made it into my living room where I can entertain the ministers from the entire county.”

“Here,” he continued, pulling forward a pulpit chair, “you can sit here, since your father was a beloved brother minister.”

Slightly amused, I seated myself in the tall carved-back chair while

he, in an old one of the Victorian period, related how he had given up active service and had bought this old house that was almost a complete wreck. To meet expenses, he started taking a few tourists. But something made him realize how many incurable patients there were that hospitals would not keep, and he switched to a nursing home. "Now, there is never an empty bed. We have eight nurses besides specials. The expenses are tremendous, but I just about break even."

Mr. Bronson's account brought vividly to my mind the things my father had accomplished after his so-called retirement, at seventy-one.

HIT BY an automobile when returning from a wedding, he was picked up unconscious. Soon he regained consciousness, and after a few weeks, seemingly recovered. The young driver of the old car which hit father carried no insurance, and there was, of course, no compensation.

When he was able to go back into the pulpit, he found himself subject to lapse of memory and unable to continue his work.

Forced to give up his city parish, with only his small pension to live on, he opened up my mother's closed farmhouse in a small Connecticut village.

Nearby was an abandoned church. This was father's challenge. Though he could no longer preach, he could organize a Sunday school.

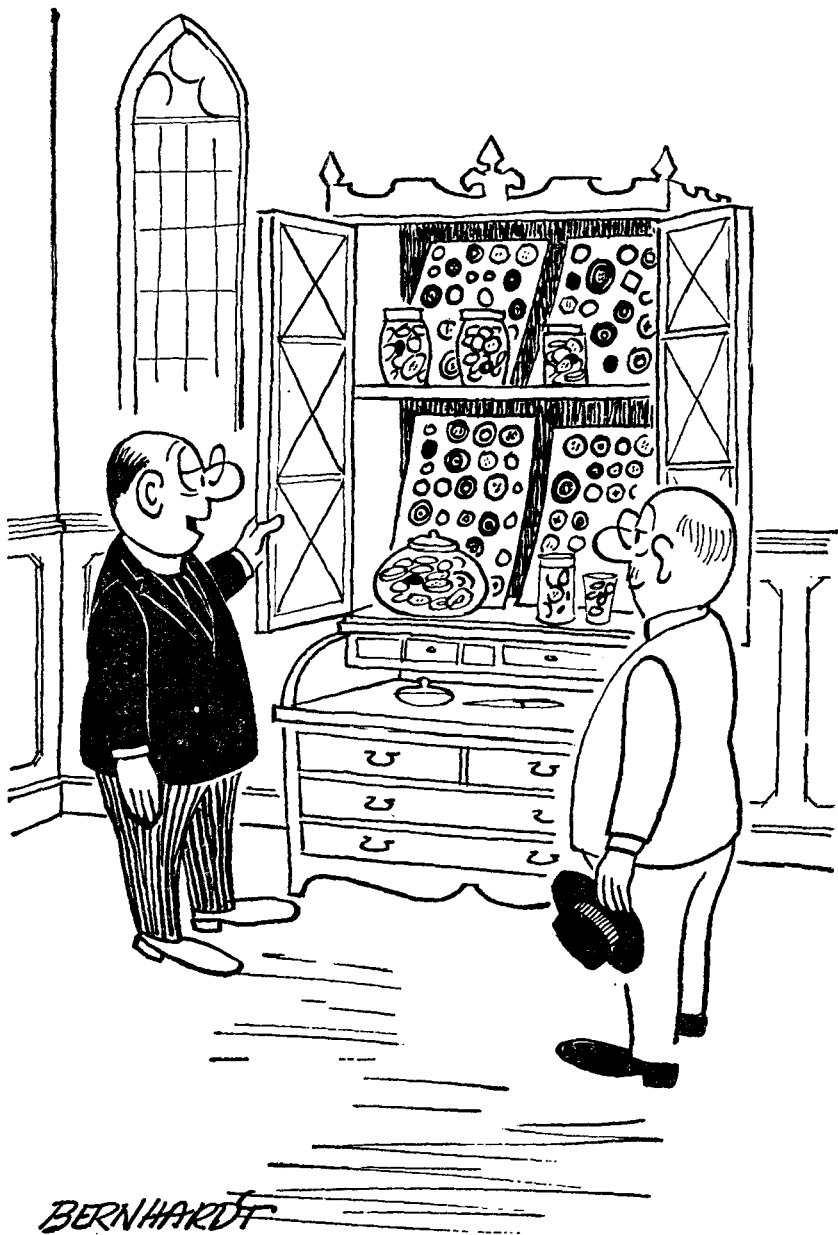
First, however, he brought the men of the community into a co-operative working group that cleaned out the ancient meeting house, re-decorated its walls, shingled its roof and graded its grounds. The women set long tables under the tall maples and served the meals.

Then, on an old-home day, which brought people from near and far, he organized a community Sunday School which should welcome people of all faiths. There were classes for the adults as well as for the children while, in the back balcony of the 200-year-old meeting house, my sister taught the kindergarten.

Soon a woman's organization called the "Maids and Matrons" buzzed with all kinds of activities from suppers to auctions. The picnics drew great crowds. An abandoned district school building at the crossroads was moved to the church property and made into a charming parish house.

All this kept father as busy as if he were working on a salary rather than giving his services as a labor of love. When, after ten years, he died suddenly, the whole town flocked to his funeral in the church that, with the help of God, he had brought back to life.

Truly, psychologists seeking for the secret of radiant and useful living that continues to the end, might well make a study of old ministers, who, like St. Paul, exclaim in triumph, "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."



BERNHARDT

"I have one of the finest button collections in the state,
thanks to my congregation."



DO I KNOW YOU, PARTNER?

By Calvin R. Starnes, Jr.

HE PROBABLY buys more air-conditioned Cadillacs, more private airplanes, more diamond rings, more mink coats, more hundred-thousand-dollar homes; takes more intracontinental and international journeys; owns more yachts, ranches, farms and hunting preserves than any other type in America today. He is just as much at home at the grand opera in a three-hundred-dollar tailcoat as he is at a beer joint in a set of \$5.98 khakis.

In one day, sitting in the most ultra of modern offices, he may make decisions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars — and then surge forth to ride a horse or a jeep over practically impassable country to a place where a wooden stake stands driven into the ground. That stake represents the beginning of all his other activities — a drilling site.

Who is he?

He is a Texas oil man.

And around him has grown up a set of myths as sturdy and truculent

as the myths that once surrounded the Texas cowboy.

In a lustier day, say thirty-five years ago, the picture of the hard-drinking, hard-driving, Stetson-hatted, bare-knuckled, profane, and indomitably energetic oil man bore some resemblance to fact. The synthetic picture today shows an uncouth, unlettered, unabashed and heroically uninhibited individualist who flies around his big state in his own twin-motored airplane, accompanied by pretty “secretaries” and yes-men.

This mythical Texas oil man drinks red whiskey before breakfast, wears a ten-carat diamond ring and speaks a profanely esoteric language intelligible only to him and his kind. His three-hundred-dollar suits look as if he sleeps in them, his wide-brimmed, hundred-dollar hats are beat-up enough to embarrass a mule-skinner; his shirts are silk and brilliant enough to gladden the heart of a race track tout.

The principal diversions of this mythmaker's Texas oil man are whiskey, women, and fist-fighting, not necessarily in that order but usually enjoyed in a happy, hell-raising potpourri. He is a loud-mouthed braggart, shot in the pants with luck, whose income varies from a thousand dollars a day to a million dollars a week, depending on who is telling about it.

He is no diamond in the rough; he is just plain rough; and no amount of polish will turn this granite into a gem. His fortune was made, so the myth goes, by accident; and it is often lost through his own ignorance. He is outlandish, obstreperous and obnoxious, and wherever he goes, everybody wishes he'd go the hell somewhere else. Everybody except bellhops, party girls and promoters.

He is an anachronism. His flamboyant gyrations before an embarrassed world are "enough to make the angels weep." He makes uncomfortable everyone except those of his own careless breed. There is only one good thing to be said about him: *he doesn't exist.*

No, there is no such animal.

THIS is not to try to make you believe that there is no color left among the men who make up the Texas oil industry or that there are no instances of unrestrained vulgarity among them. On the contrary, a Texas oil man is apt to be as individualistic and lively as any other Texan, admirable or deplorable as

that may be. But as a great New York individualist used to be fond of saying, let's take a look at the record.

It is true that one Texas oil man, H. L. Hunt of Dallas, has an income estimated by the newspapers to be about a million dollars a week. It is also true that a good many oil men make a thousand dollars a day. But by and large, the average income of the reasonably successful oil man is not much more than that of a good medical specialist or a corporation lawyer.

An increasing number of Texas oil men own their own planes as a matter of practical necessity rather than of choice. Their property, for example, may be scattered from the tidelands of the Gulf of Mexico to the deserts of the New Mexico border, a distance of almost a thousand miles. Their homes may be located in Dallas or Houston or San Antonio. The airplane is the only answer if they are to exercise the personal control of their holdings that is responsible for their success, and still be able to spend some time, as other men do, with their families.

But the oil man will take any means necessary to get to remote drilling sites: he will use a truck, a horse, or his own two feet. And no matter how high his skyscraper or how fancy his office, there is no successful oil man who does not, now and then, have to strike out across rough country to take a look for himself. A rare exception is Russell

Maguire, who operates his vast oil empire from a skyscraper office in Manhattan and rarely sees an oil well.

THE Texas oil man's tastes do not vary much from the ordinary tastes of other Texans of his economic and social position. He may belong to the plush Petroleum Club of Dallas, be a member of the best country club, and have a card to the most gilded bottle club in Texas. Or he may be a leader in the Methodist Church and an attendance-champion Rotarian.

He buys good clothes for the same reason he buys good automobiles: he likes them and he can afford them. But while one Dallas oil man, Jake Hamon, was voted by the tailors to be one of the ten best-dressed men in America, the oil man may wear hand-me-down suits off the rack because he doesn't care to waste time over non-essentials. Usually, however, his appearance is one of unassuming good taste. At an oil man's convention, you couldn't tell the oil men from the bankers who like to associate with them, or from the graduates of the ivy-league colleges who try to sell them the products of the big Eastern steel companies.

It may be that the oil man will prefer a wider brim on his hat than is strictly in accordance with the latest fashion decree; but remember, a lot of his work is done out of doors. His hat is protection.

Many Texas oil men are highly educated, both technically and liberally. E. DeGolyer, a well-known Texas oil man, is chairman of the board of directors of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. He is also a geologist of international reputation. The oil business today is far too complex and technical for the unlettered wildcatters of a generation ago. This is not to say that every successful oil man is a college graduate, but you will find that the number of diplomas among the five hundred leading oil men of Texas assays high. It's not all luck, brother.

Actually, the element of luck in the oil business has been exaggerated out of all proportion to its importance. What looks like luck is a compound of years of hard work and experience in the development of oil property. This experience nearly always includes dry holes, lean years, poor-boy financing and disappointment.

The basis for the "luck" idea, of course, is the fact that when oil prospecting (or wildcatting, as it is called) is successful, the rewards are high. For every producing oil well in Texas, though, somebody drilled about eight dry holes that cost some oil man his shirt. Excluding the East Texas field with its 25,000 wells, the percentage of dry holes to producers is about fifteen to one. Obviously, if you get a well, you will get back the shirt you lost on the dry hole. Also an overcoat, a hat, and a Cadillac. But don't forget, modern wild-

catting is for the technically expert.

The oil man has always been something of a gambler, however. He bets his money, his judgment, his effort, his reputation and sometimes his wife's diamonds on a hole in the ground. And if he loses, he bets again as soon as he has another stake or another backer. If a dry hole sends him permanently into the hardware business, he was not an oil man in the first place.

AS FOR the hell-raising, hard-drinking, fist-fighting oil man, it must be admitted that some go in for that sort of diversion. When they do it in Texas, a place where it is good sense and good manners to mind your own business, they do not stir up much attention. But when they go off the reservation in a Hollywood or New York saloon, they make headlines that raise a dry grin from the average hard-working oil man.

Some oil men, of course, neither drink nor engage in fist-fights. One prominent Texas oil man, H. R. Cullen of Houston, is a teetotaling, highly religious man who is also one of the state's most generous philanthropists, and he is not looked on as unusual except in the size of his benefactions. The majority of Texas oil men behave themselves, whether they are presidents of their own companies or executives in one of the major companies.

The oil man not associated with one of the gigantic major oil com-

panies is known as an "independent," and that describes him precisely. He is independent politically, economically, and spiritually. He runs his business himself to suit himself, subject to the implacable statutes of God and the regulations of the Texas Railroad Commission. If the rules of God sometimes seem inexplicable to him, he feels no hesitancy in changing the regulations of his state whenever they hamper him in his quest for or production of crude petroleum.

In Texas, regardless of how his mythical prototype is looked on elsewhere, the oil man is respected. He is the endower of colleges and universities, the patron of symphony orchestras, the backer of grand opera and the buyer of good books. He is a builder, a family man, and an asset. He has vision and daring, two traits of character traditionally admired by Americans.

Not all the color is gone from the old-time business of the wildcatter, to be sure. Being Texan is enough by itself to guarantee that the Texas oil man will be different from the run of men. But this difference no longer takes the form of getting on a roaring two-weeks' drunk and crowning the bartender with a bottle of rye whiskey.

The myth, though, will probably live on just the same because there is enough truth in it, but no more than just enough, to keep it lively and embarrassing.

But it is a myth, all the same.

GOURMET'S PARADISE

By BAYNE WILSON

WOULD YOU LIKE to order a half-pound beefsteak for thirty cents? Or a whole lobster with mayonnaise at thirty-five? Champagne at thirty cents per bottle? You can, but not in New York, London, or Paris. Gourmets with fat pocketbooks can still fare well in the "big three," but the little man who likes to eat in style would find that the price of one meal in any of these cities would send him on an enforced diet for a few days.

One of the last refuges in Western Europe for the "big appetite and little pocketbook" is still Madrid, where eating is not only an art, but also a chief form of recreation, and where the average meal takes two hours. With one American dollar in your pocket, you can pretend you are an exiled king and order breast of partridge, and keep a boy running to and from the wine cellar until you have found the bottle that suits your particular taste.

There are over 1,000 "tascas," or small restaurants, in Madrid, many hidden away in narrow streets, some having existed for 300 years. Quite a few have never seen an American customer. This writer has dined in "tascas" where the proprietor refused to present a check, being so awe-struck at serving an American.

Fairly typical of these "gourmet hideouts" is the Meson de Segoviano, in Cava Baja Street, which can be distinguished by the number of roasted suckling pigs hanging by their snouts in the windows. Upon entering, you are with great formality invited to inspect the kitchen, which hasn't changed since the days of Felipe II. The massive iron stove, baking ovens, kettles, ladles, and chunks of wood neatly stacked in the corner leave one wondering how such crude equipment and methods can produce such delicacy in the food, but any doubts are soon dispelled. At the Meson you are expected to order a roast pig, or lamb — both of which, in the opinion of this writer, are unequalled anywhere in the world. As a first course, you are offered lobster, or fried shrimp, or "gazpacho," an Andalusian soup of tomato, peppers, onion, garlic, red wine, and chunks of ice.

The average American customer about this time begins to wonder how much all this will cost him, as there are no price lists in evidence; and if he has dined elsewhere in Europe, he has learned to be wary. Upon inquiry, the proprietor will smile, shrug his shoulders, and dismiss the question as unnecessary. When pressed, he will finally arrive

at some figure less than one dollar, and present the bill almost apologetically, as if fearing that it will be considered too high. With all anxiety of an expensive dinner check allayed, the customer can relax and explore the maximum limits of his eating capacity.

AFTER the roast pig, or young lamb, one is expected to make a stab at the Spanish "nata," or whipped cream, which is prepared wonderfully well and served with all kinds of fresh fruit, or custard. The custard, or "flan," is very rich, and is served in every restaurant.

To mark the close of the meal, one is served coffee and Spanish brandy. The latter is believed to aid the digestion, and probably would if only one glass were consumed. The aroma and flavor are so exquisite that glass follows glass until the warmth of the brandy goes to the head, and the realization comes, with a pang of regret, that one has reached his limit.

For those with a preference for sea food, the "tascas" are unequalled anywhere in Europe. There is "pulpo," octopus served in a rich casserole, for fifteen cents, tasting like breast of chicken. There are "angulas," tiny baby eels served piping hot, with a flavor all their own. The squid tentacles, dipped in batter and fried, are an eating experience long to be remembered.

To most admirers of good food, the biggest treat in Madrid is the

"paella," a dish native to southern Spain, where there is an abundance of rice. It is always prepared in huge kettles, and while the basic ingredient is rice, one will find generous amounts of chopped shrimp, beef, peppers, onions, garlic, lamb, fish, snails and mussels, with a dash of olive oil and vinegar. As this wonderful mixture is simmering in the kettle, pitchers of lemon juice are added to unite the various flavors. A platter of steaming "paella," along with a bottle of red wine, is guaranteed to tickle anyone's palate. The price? About thirty cents.

Any visitor with a flair for the romantic, in addition to good food, can visit the Caves of Luis Candelas, just off the old Plaza Major. Here one dines far under the ground by candlelight in what were once bandit caves. Even though the furnishings are rather crude and ancient, the place has been visited by generals and ambassadors from many lands. The prices, however, are unchanged, still ridiculously cheap, and one still must eat the traditional fare of eggs, flamenco style, basted with a peppery blood sausage, onions, peas and asparagus, accompanied by "sangria," a sweet red wine mixed with lemon juice and soda, and served ice-cold.

All Americans who have experienced the Spanish "tasca," with the unpublicized advantage to the pocketbook, will quickly agree that the last "gourmet's paradise" is Madrid.

Sore Feet Cost Money

BY ALBERT OWEN PENNEY

IF YOU run a small, one-man business and your pretty little helper takes, say, ten minutes once a day to slip out to the rest room and change her shoes, you won't feel any real financial loss, will you?

But suppose you have a big laundry and in the shirt-ironing department you employ 100 girls. And suppose all those girls take ten minutes at some time during the day, particularly in the late afternoon, to rest their feet. Ten minutes, 100 girls; that's 1,000 minutes; sixteen and two-thirds hours; more than two full eight-hour days. What does that add up to in wages? In loss of production?

In New England, the owners of such a plant suddenly got wise to what troublesome feet were costing them; so they called in podiatrists, fast. These specialists in foot ailments gave the employees careful examinations, treated those who needed it, advised them about foot care and footwear, and sent them back to work. Result? An overnight jump of 12 per cent in production. Foot care is now a regular thing in that plant.

One of the major problems in modern business is how to cut costs.

From the little retail shops in Main Street up through the huge department stores in the big cities, from Joe Blug's auto repair in Blinkville to any of the vast industrial enterprises throughout the land, many millions of dollars are being spent to learn the answer to this question: how to lower the expense of selling a necktie or of building a diesel-powered locomotive.

The human side, too, is receiving top-drawer attention, for human frailty in one form or another is also a real and tangible factor in figuring costs. So, thoughtful executives have introduced, for the physical benefit of their personnel, medical departments with doctors, nurses, dentists and so on; to this they have added insurance of various kinds and, on the cultural and recreational side, rest rooms, game rooms, meals at cost, basketball and other sports, singing clubs, and other builders of morale and *esprit de corps*. And beyond this, says Dr. Thomas Parran, former Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, there are business houses that require not only a doctor and a corps of nurses in constant attendance but also a psychologist, a physiologist, a

toxicologist and a chemist, all for the three-fold purpose of keeping the employee on the job, keeping him efficient, and keeping him well and happy.

BUT oh, those sore feet! That is the one thing too many employers have overlooked. In all this array of professional experts there is no mention of the podiatrist, the one man who is especially trained and qualified to take care of that extremely important part of the human anatomy, the feet.

Surveys by the National Foot Health Council and other professional groups indicate that foot ailments are costing American business one hundred million dollars or more every year. Here's how. A road man limps into his hotel. "My feet probably cost me and my firm hundreds of dollars a year," he moans. "When they hurt, I either don't leave my room or, if I do, I am so grouchy I can't do business anyhow."

That same complaint applies to the employees, running into the thousands, of any large department store. It is hard to put your whole mind on your job when you are in pain. It is hard to be patient and tactful with a hard-to-please customer when you have an aching foot. Many a mistake on sales slips, leading to wrong addresses or other complications, to delays in delivery, to complaints and costly adjustments, if not to lost customers, is due solely to a nagging corn or other lesion.

Even the "seconds," the merchandise damaged in the process of manufacture, can frequently be traced to a momentary lapse of attention induced by a sore foot. "When my feet hurt," said a highly skilled worker at a precision machine in the naval gun factory in Washington, D. C., "I can easily ruin the mechanism of one of those big 16-inch guns, and that means nearly \$200,000 of the taxpayers' money."

Absenteeism is one of the expensive problems of industry, so expensive that the U. S. Department of Labor and the U. S. Public Health Service have joined with business to discover the reasons and means of lessening it. In all this study, little thought has been given to the incidence of foot ills as a cause, yet any podiatrist, anywhere in the country, knows that 70 per cent of all workers are foot sufferers and that 10 per cent of this number lose two days a month because of it. Also, that a lot of it is unnecessary.

Foot troubles are due to a wide variety of causes: some to simple ignorance and carelessness; some to faulty footwear; some to overweight; to weak muscles; to defects in the bone structure. Some, simple enough in the beginning, become serious because of unskilled home treatment. And note this: some are inherent in the job itself.

The "jumper" on a delivery truck, leaping out of his truck a hundred times a day and landing on the ball of one foot, gives that foot a

terrific wallop. After a while he develops a pain around the great toe joint which travels up the leg to the knee, possibly to the hip. Soon he can't take it any longer and has to lay off for several days. In like manner, the man working in a plant where floors are so hot that he has to wear shoes with wooden soles an inch thick begins to feel a pain in his arches. That thick, unbending sole has interfered with the normal muscular action of the foot and leg, and strained the ligaments and other delicate tissues in the bottoms of his feet. The end result is weeks of treatment, often followed by a compulsory change of occupation.

EVERYONE whose work requires spending long hours on his feet is subject to these ills, with their attendant economic waste. Much of it is preventable; most of it remediable.

Many accidents are due either to a sore foot or to improper covering of that foot. The unconscious effort to relieve pain puts the whole body into a state of tension, affects the nervous system, compels a change in posture and gait, disturbs the equilibrium of the body and leads to falls and other mishaps. So, too, does the high heel, with its small, unstable base, worn by your receptionist or secretary. In all these cases, compensation for the accident, plus the loss of the employee's services for a time, is one of the penalties.

Until recent years, few indeed

were the firms that made foot care available to their personnel. Woodward and Lothrop, a department store in Washington, D. C., employing upwards of 6,000 persons, pioneered in the idea more than 25 years ago and is still giving the service at its own expense. The George C. Keith Company, maker of Walk-over shoes, was another early adopter of the service. Today the idea is gaining momentum, largely through the educational efforts of the National Foot Health Council and, more recently, the National Association of Chiropodists.

Several insurance companies have shown an interest in the percentage of accidents traceable to foot ills. And why not? Fewer accidents mean fewer payments and lower rates.

Even the United States Post Office, though not providing treatment for its carriers and window clerks, is sufficiently interested to place in its offices throughout the country 40,000 posters furnished by the National Foot Health Council on the subject of foot hygiene.

While it is difficult to estimate the actual results in dollars and cents to the firms providing foot clinics, it is generally admitted that there is a definite increase in efficiency, less absenteeism, less afternoon fatigue, fewer accidents and, in many cases, an appreciable rise in production, all of which, with the improvement in morale and the warmer feeling toward management, amply justifies the innovation.

T RAPPED—

Ten Miles Above the Earth

BY J. GORDON VAETH

OUTSIDE it was cold, almost seventy degrees below zero. But inside the gondola it was hot, so hot that the airtight fittings had begun to buckle and swell. A hissing noise told the two men that air was leaking from the gondola. Their oxygen was being lost. Time was running out for them. If they were to survive they had to come down. But they couldn't. They were prisoners ten miles above the earth.

It was the first time that such a height had ever been reached by any aircraft. Flights to altitudes of ten miles and more are common today, but this was May 27th, 1931. The men were Belgian scientists Auguste Piccard and Paul Kipfer. Together, they had flown the world's largest balloon to the greatest height yet attained by man. Riding in a pressurized aluminum gondola which hung from the balloon, they had climbed almost 52,000 feet to measure cosmic rays at the top of the atmosphere.

Then, just as success seemed safely theirs, they had tried the balloon's valve. It wouldn't open. The valve cord had broken. Unable to release any of the half-million cubic feet of hydrogen gas contained in the yellow envelope which towered a hundred feet above them, they had no means of vertical control. Below them lay the earth and safety, but it lay out of reach. They had no way to descend.

Anxiously, the two men looked for a way out: "We're ten miles up. At this height we can't possibly open the hatches and climb outside to try to repair the valve cord. It's too cold out there; there's not enough pressure; there's too little oxygen. We'd die a few seconds after opening the hatches. What can we do?"

There was only one answer. As Piccard put it: "There is nothing we can do. Our only chance is to try to hold out until dark. Then, when the sun sets, the hydrogen will cool

off and contract. As the gas contracts and shrinks in volume, the balloon will lose lift. If we lose enough lift, maybe we'll descend far enough so that we can open the hatches and try to bring the balloon down to a landing."

"But," Kipfer reminded him, "it's not yet noon and we've been in the air since dawn. Can we hold out until sunset?"

Neither man could answer this question. Their lives now depended upon the air-purifying system, a piece of equipment called a Draeger apparatus, which removed the carbon dioxide and replenished the supply of oxygen inside the gondola. Would this equipment be able to provide oxygen until dark?

AS THE SCIENTISTS began what seemed to them an endless wait for life or death, another problem arose. It began to grow unbearably hot in the tiny seven-foot-diameter sphere. In planning for the flight, Piccard had realized that the outside color of the gondola would have a great effect upon its inside temperature. "If I paint it black," he had reasoned, "it will absorb the sun's heat and become too hot. On the other hand, if I paint it white, it will reflect the heat and be too cold. What I'll do is make one side black and the other side white. Then, I'll install a mechanism which will be able to rotate the gondola. In this way, we'll be able to control the temperature by presenting either

the black or the white side to the sun as desired."

This method of controlling the gondola's temperature looked adequate before the flight. But in the air, an unexpected short circuit in the mechanism made it inoperative. Instead of rotating, the gondola drifted with the same side — the black one — constantly facing the sun. As a result, the temperature climbed rapidly. Eighty degrees. A few minutes later, ninety degrees. Then, one hundred. And, finally, one hundred and four degrees.

Thus, the mental anguish of being helpless prisoners of the stratosphere was aggravated by thirst and extreme physical discomfort. The men removed their clothes to seek some relief from the heat. When their drinking water was gone, they tried to alleviate their thirst by scraping off the frost and licking the moisture which had condensed on the cold white side of the gondola facing away from the sun. This helped, but not very much.

To make matters worse, the heat was causing more than physical discomfort. It was causing rubber joints and seals to leak. Air was escaping and the pressure dropping. The situation was grim, the chances of survival increasingly slender.

On the ground, there were reports: "Piccard and Kipfer believed dead." The world knew nothing of the life-and-death drama taking place aboard the balloon. No radio equipment was carried on the

flight and there had been no communication since take-off, a little before 4:00 A.M. at Augsburg, Germany. The fact that the balloon had not descended and had been drifting at ceiling altitude all day was taken to mean that its crew had perished.

MEANWHILE, Piccard and Kipfer drifted and waited, waited for some movement of the altimeter needle, some sign of a descent. Finally, early in the afternoon, it came. They had started to lose altitude. The balloon was sinking at a rate of 100 feet per hour. Not much, but better than no descent at all.

The afternoon wore on and, as it did, the sun set lower into the sky. The hydrogen, becoming cooler, contracted more and more, and the rate of descent increased. By 8:00 P.M. the altitude was seven and a half miles. Less than an hour later, at 8:50 P.M., the balloon was down to two and a half miles. At this point, the men opened the hatches and at last found freedom from what had almost been an aerial tomb.

However, they still had to make a landing, and, by this time, the wind had taken them over the Alps, one of the most difficult ballooning terrains in the world. With no means of vertical control, other than the dumping of ballast, the two men succeeded in landing the balloon on the Gurgl Glacier near Innsbruck, Austria, at 9:30 P.M., without damage or injury. Happily, as if guided by the hand of fortune, they had dodged dangerous peaks, pinnacles, and crevasses to land gently on the glacier's slope. They had been in the air over seventeen hours. When they landed, they had only one hour of oxygen left.

It had been a close call. Had the flight ended in disaster, it would have delayed man's conquest of the upper air and his progress in aeronautics. But it succeeded and, in doing so, pioneered and proved techniques and concepts now used in the highest performance aircraft of today. With this expedition, Auguste Piccard and Paul Kipfer began the modern era of high-altitude flight.



» That man was prettily and fantastically troubled, who, having used to put his trust in dreams, one night dreamed that all dreams were vain; for he considered, if so, then this was vain, and the dreams might be true for all this. But if they might be true, then this dream might be so upon equal reason. And then dreams were vain, because this dream, which told him so, was true; and so round again.

— *Jeremy Taylor*



Breakfast at the Elysée

BY NORMAN J. ZIEROLD

LAST WINTER as a struggling student on Paris's Left Bank, I was delighted when a friend called one morning and said she knew of someone who wanted English lessons. Money! It would be nice. I could pay that wild-eyed *propriétaire* her overdue rent, and in my mind's eye I already saw myself vacationing in sunny Spain. My friend told me to go to 100 rue Reaumur and ask for Madame Lazareff. The address turned out to be headquarters for *France-Soir*, France's largest daily newspaper, and when I asked for Madame Lazareff I was shown a long line of people and told to wait.

"Who is Madame Lazareff?" I asked timidly.

"La Directrice," intoned the attendant, giving me the impression that everyone but me *knew* who she was. I retreated to the line. Everyone had a newspaper or a magazine. I felt at a disadvantage. The attendant didn't know how long it would be. I grew uncomfortable.

"I can't wait," I finally told him. "I'm going."

As a matter of fact I had nothing, absolutely nothing, else to do; but standing in a line without a newspaper was clearly an intolerable situation. My declaration produced surprising results. The little man — panic-stricken, I like to think — disappeared, and returned seconds later.

"Madame Lazareff will see you."

I could feel the line's cold stares on my back and I heard their papers rustle menacingly as I followed the attendant into a private office.

"Bon jour, Madame," I began.

"Hello, sit down," came the surprising return. Madame Lazareff, a handsome blonde woman, had lived in America, worked for the *New York Times*, and spoke perfect English. She explained that a friend of hers, a public personality, wanted an English tutor. I would be perfect for the job if I didn't charge inflationary rates.

"Even for the President of the Republic," I declared, thinking of my wild-eyed *propriétaire* and of sunny Spain, "I should charge 750 francs an hour."

"It is not the President," she retorted, "but it *is* his son."

And so the next day I found myself strolling — with as nonchalant an air as I could assume — past the uniformed guards of the Elysée, the French White House, to see Paul Auriol, son of the President. We met in his downstairs office, shook hands following the French custom, and chatted — in French. He was tall for a Frenchman, over six feet, heavy-set and very jovial. He explained that he wanted no lessons as such, and was indifferent about how he spoke so long as he could make himself understood. Would it suit me to have breakfast with him each morning? I saw no inconvenience. We could talk casually about sundry subjects and occasionally resort to an American newspaper for inspiration. So in a pleasant way he would have practice in the English language.

"When shall my car call for you?" he asked, as though to conclude.

His car? And breakfast? The interview was going very well indeed. I wondered whether I would have a moral right to ask for 750 francs as a recompense for eating breakfast in a palace. The trip to Spain seemed momentarily distant.

NEXT MORNING, wearing my last white shirt and sporting my most dignified manner, I strode through the lobby of the Hotel Racine. It was true. At the door stood a liveried chauffeur who opened the car door for me. As we drove off I

turned and waved to the stupefied *propriétaire* and to two friends who had forsaken their beds at 8 o'clock to verify what they considered my incoherent ravings.

As the car approached the entrance to the palace, a guard let drop a little iron chain that blocked the road, and three guards saluted as we entered. An attendant led me through halls and up two flights of stairs.

I was left alone in a large, high-ceilinged room dominated by a crystal chandelier. Period furniture, abundantly strewn books and phonograph records, and large vases filled with gladioli gave it a lived-in look. From the window I saw the handsome, sloping garden of the Elysée, tall trees and shady, winding walks on the sides, smooth green lawn and well-kept flower beds, and a pond which reflected the palace.

"Good morning." A beaming Paul Auriol entered the room.

"Good morning," I answered. "I like your garden. Very nice for morning walks."

"I have not been to the garden in four years," he laughed.

"Does your father like the garden?" I asked.

"Yes, but he has no time."

"Who *does* go to the garden?" I inquired.

"The gardeners and the guards," he replied, almost apologetically.

"What will you have for breakfast, sir?"

The question, thus phrased, al-

most floored me. I recovered sufficiently to suggest that fruit juice, ham and eggs, jam, coffee and French *croissants* would be fine.

As we sat down, a door in the far corner of the room opened and a little round man in bedroom slippers stood looking at us, a little puzzled. Paul rose and said "Bon jour, mon père." The little man nodded in a friendly way that said at once "Bon jour" and "Excuse me" and backed out. It was my first glimpse of President Auriol.

BREAKFAST, the first of many, turned out to be a pleasure. Paul expressed himself adequately, if hesitatingly, in English. His manner was friendly and totally relaxed. Quite frequently the phone would ring. Paul was his father's secretary, and consequently the President and others often called him.

"You see the *Couronnement* on the television?" Paul asked me in late May. "She will be very interesting."

It was a typical example of his English — a French word, the present tense for the future, and an article where it wasn't needed. Everything from the breakfast ham to Winston Churchill was "she." I understood perfectly. I told him I knew no one with a television set.

"Then you will see her at the Elysée — if you like?" he added politely.

I liked. I wanted to see "her." On June 2, after breakfast I remained

at the Palace. Paul led me to the salon where a television set had been installed. One of his two young sons joined us. I was surprised to find us so few in number. We sat in huge, overstuffed chairs and Paul and I smoked *Gauloises* — dark, strong French cigarettes. Then the door opened and to my even greater surprise the President entered. Paul kissed him on both cheeks, and presented me in English. The President spoke with the charming, rolling accent of Toulouse and sat at my right. A second later his wife, Madame Auriol, came in and took the chair at my left. I was hoping someone would take a photograph, but no one did.

The first family of France watched their neighbor country's coronation with intense interest. The President was obviously moved as the heavy crown was placed on Elizabeth's head. Madame Auriol said the ceremony called to mind a fairy tale or a vision of ancient Oriental splendor.

Not long after this, the Mayer government fell and a letter arrived at my little hotel from the Elysée with a simple message — "Priere de ne pas venir a cause de la crise." (You are requested not to come because of the crisis.) My little life was being affected by the fall of the French Government. Breakfast ruined! As the days passed, I grew furious. Finally Monsieur Laniel, a leader of the wartime *Résistance*, formed a new government and the Elysée car came once more to carry

me to breakfast at the Palace.

EACH MORNING brought a new discovery. I was shown the superb suite where visiting royalty sojourned when in Paris. The royal bathroom with its exquisite floral wall paneling held my attention. Paul smiled and walked to the bathtub.

"And she works," he said, turning on the faucet.

Downstairs we saw the giant chandeliered reception chambers where 2,000 guests could mingle, and the smaller rooms where the "intimate" little dinners for 100 were held.

"You are lucky," I said, "to live in this handsome palace."

"Not so lucky," he answered. "The Elysée is beautiful to see, but I work there, and my father works there. We have not much time for play."

At breakfast we talked of many things. I felt it was more important for my pupil to talk than for me to, since I already spoke what I considered an acceptable English developed in the cornfields of Iowa. Also, I found that Paul had almost no appetite at breakfast. I had barely drunk my orange juice when he lit up a *Gauloise*. It embarrassed me slightly to down ham and eggs and to butter *croissants* long after he had finished. I found the solution. "What about the war in Indo-China?" I would ask, or "Tell me about the Resistance." He was won-

derfully informed on topical matters and gave me first-hand information. His English improved by leaps and bounds — and I gained weight.

Paul's pretty wife, Jacqueline, the famed aviatrix, joined us occasionally. She spoke good English, but usually reverted to French.

"We speak only English," Paul would admonish.

The President visited us several times, always briefly.

"My father would come often, if there is no crisis," Paul said. There seemed always to be a crisis.

It was by now September and almost time for my return to the United States. I knew that soon I should be in Iowa telling the neighbors how I, a simple student, had had the French President's car to drive me through Paris for breakfast at the Elysée. It would make a good story.

The last morning we laughed even more than usual. Jokingly I left my instructions. France was to stabilize its government and to remain America's ally forever, a trade agreement was to be signed whereby the French supplied us with frogs and snails in exchange for our shipments of peanut butter, and so on. Paul almost spoiled it all by insinuating that the Louisiana Purchase was illegal.

"A glass of wine?" Paul asked, coming back to reality.

We drank and shook hands. I walked home across autumnal Paris and could not help feeling a little sad.



BALDING HEADS *of* STATE

By James L. Harte

THE NEWSREEL flashed on the screen. Pictured at the White House was the President of the United States. "Gosh, Mom," said a youngster to his parent in the next seat, "the President is bald." The mother whispered, "Hush."

But the boy's chance remark in the theater was startling. There *is* only a tiny fringe of hair on the Eisenhower pate, but the President's personality and famed smile capture the attention so well that the obvious baldness is overlooked.

More startling is the fact that, despite statistics showing baldness to be on the increase, Dwight D. Eisenhower is the first bald or balding Chief Executive since Martin Van Buren, who served from 1837 through 1841. And the General is only the third of all our Presidents with such a thoroughly bald pate. Van Buren and John Quincy Adams were the others, although Van Buren sported a fringe beard, curled and perfumed, that bushed about his ears.

James A. Garfield had little atop his head, except at the back, but he

outdid even Van Buren in the chin department, sprouting whiskers thick and full. Grover Cleveland was another of the few who were balding, but he evened up matters by growing a unique waterfall mustache.

George Washington was clean-shaven when he accepted the first Presidency, establishing a tradition that was adhered to by all but seven of the Presidents that followed him. The seven who wore beards were Van Buren, Garfield, Lincoln, Grant, Arthur, Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison. Three more swerved slightly from the Washington example by adopting mustaches, although they remained beardless: Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, and Taft.

The most storied beard, of course, is that of Abraham Lincoln. He was smooth-shaven when elected to the highest office in the land, but grew a beard at the suggestion of a little girl who wrote him and told him he would look better with the chin adornment. The whiskers were evident at his inauguration.

Chester Alan Arthur, the New York socialite who became Presi-

dent, wore the most magnificent foliage of any occupant of the executive mansion. President Arthur grew and groomed carefully a rich burnside-mutton-chop-galway combination that began in front of his ears, curled down to his collar, then zoomed upward to the corners of his mouth, joining an elegant mustache.

SPROUTING chins have played strange roles in American history. During the 1700's beards became objects of scorn. No historian knows exactly why, but there was antipathy to such facial herbage, perhaps because the Revolutionaries thought of beards and mustaches as links with the Old Country and they wanted to make a clean-shaven break. Whatever the reason, there was neither beard nor mustache among the political and military leaders of the Revolution, such as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Israel Putnam, Nathaniel Greene, "Light Horse" Harry Lee, Anthony Wayne, and even Benedict Arnold. Furthermore, the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence and the thirty-nine founding fathers who framed the Constitution were all without facial embellishment.

Beards remained passé with such as Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, Daniel Webster, John Marshall and Andrew Jackson. Then, in 1830, a citizen of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, named Palmer, defied the mores of

the day, and appeared in public with a beard that flowed down to his chest. Palmer was immediately seized and beaten by his fellow townsmen, and then arrested and jailed for "offending against society" with his beard. He was stoned and excommunicated, but he refused to remove the offending adornment, citing the Bill of Rights as his defense.

But by the time the daring Joseph Palmer died, in 1875, the hairy face was no longer the object of complete scorn. The beard and the mustache had come back into their own. John Brown, who in 1859 touched off the spark that started the Civil War, sported a prodigious beard, perhaps partly to signify his rebellion. The two great opposing generals of that war, Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant, started the war clean-shaven; but when they met at Appomattox, each was full-bearded.

The new vogue ended, nevertheless, before the 1900's dawned, and while sprouting chins never again appeared upon incumbents of the White House, succeeding Chief Executives were not without hair as a crowning glory. Until the present occupant. And, oddly enough, had the 1952 Democratic candidate been elected, the same type of history would have been written, for Adlai Stevenson, like President Eisenhower, has very sparse natural topping. Actually, theirs was the first Presidential campaign in American history in which both candidates bore practically hairless pates.

The Legendary Cabbie

By KARL HESS

SOMEWHERE among the 30,000 or so licensed cab drivers in New York City there is a divinely gifted, or mad, genius. He is a not-so-frustrated Spinoza, a comedian like unto Bacchus, a motorized Dr. Christian, a tower of strength, a pillow of kindness, a rake among rakes, a minister without portfolio; he is all these things and, when need arises, much, much more.

He is a driver, also, of inspired selectivity. He is able to seek out, invariably and exclusively, such fares as Hollywood movie-makers, the moody and the whimsical among playwrights, the writers of widely reprinted novels, and the perpetrators of various radio dramas. That such a cabbie exists is beyond question. His fares have been writing about him for seemingly endless years. And that there is only one and that he is able to conceal himself from ordinary fares also is beyond question. Clifford Odets may ride with him daily. Sylvester's Other Spouse may weep upon his shoulder five mornings a week. Hollywood cameras may follow him like the eyes of eagles, but do we ever ride with him? No.

When your wife leaves you and

hails a cab to catch the first train to Reno, does she get a kindly driver, hair streaked with white, proprietor of a house of unparalleled domestic bliss? And does this driver, this kindly old paragon, spell out for her the joys of home and hearth and finally send her tearfully home to papa, and never mind the fare, little lady? No.

She gets a guy who once drove a party of slopped-up utility salesmen to Reno on a bet and thinks the town is wonderful and why doesn't the little woman look up a pal named Louie who can get divorces wholesale and maybe fix her up with a handsome croupier. Or, if she so much as opens her yap about all the trouble she's seen and why she's leaving that monster she married, does she get kindly listening? No. She's lucky if the hacker doesn't slam on his brakes and utter one of the following selected homilies from the golden book of cabdom:

1. Why don't you and me go grab a short beer, sister?

2. Yeh, well let me tell you, doll, I got troubles of my own so howbout sharrupin'.

Or take the case of the little lost child. The driver of legend stops,

picks up the waif, consults with the nice old man in the candy store, teaches the child the meaning of "real folks," and then tearfully discovers his charge to be the heir to a chlorophyll fortune. But what's our boy, in New York, really do. On with the brakes, screeeech, "Hey, you dumb or somethin', kid? Gedoffa street! You say yer lost? So okay, get lost." At about this time a photographer from the *Daily News* appears; the driver spots him; he flings himself toward the child, and a moist-eyed public reads all about little Noodnik's vast fortune in finding such a Samaritan. Noodnik, of course, is the heir to three used bottles of two-dollar hooch, left by a doting parent, and nothing else.

WHAT temperance of character we have left over from years of riding in New York cabs, however, dictates a certain concession. It is not altogether true that all the cabbies, rather than being saints, are unqualified sinners. The majority are, in fact, normal, tight-lipped ciphers in our noisy society. They do not talk. They do not change the expression of the back of their heads, the part you see, by so much as a hair no matter how loudly your screams of terror may echo from the lurching back seat.

They are workmen. Many (about 10,000) own their cabs, squeeze upwards of a hundred bucks a week out of the ownership, and go home to Queens, where they have the

same outlook on life as the home-coming shoe clerk. This, they are. Great characters of the American drama, they are not. Among the remainder, again, most are like that. It is in the area where one would expect to find the noble prototype of the legend that the unhappy reverses exist. Quite a few drivers are drifters, but not the romantic variety. The New York Hack Bureau figures that maybe as many as 10,000 of the drivers are on the job, not out of any happy notion about watching and serving the passing parade but simply because they can't get a job doing anything else. The job of pushing a hack is, the police say, strictly a bad-time deal. During unlimited employment times, the number of drivers shrinks pretty close to the hard core of pro's and driver-owners who, although they lack color, do have solidity.

Thanks mostly to the floaters in the field the police have to have an entire corps of men just to handle the offenses of cabbies. A special hearing room is kept open for the cabbies down on Greenwich Street and just about every precinct has someone assigned to keep a special eye open for taxi troubles.

One charming bit of hacker slyness they must watch, for instance, is the practice of varying a cab's tire pressure to make the wheels and the meter turn faster. All the customary woes about overcharging, customer abuse, and so forth also are enough

to keep a number of men busy.

All of this, of course, leads to the most publicly glaring attribute of a hacker's personality — his ability as a driver, or as a hospitalized friend of mine puts it, disaster. A cab driver, as a driver, might well be described as a catastrophe loosely strung together by a claxon.

Even Hollywood, that die-hard champion of the hacker of never-never land, the people's hero on wheels, often has to face up to the fact that even the most persuasive of our media cannot totally ignore that of which millions of Americans are more aware than of the State of the Union — the fact that New York cab drivers represent the most horrifying automotive development since the invention of the freely turning wheel, the discovery of gasoline, and the foxtail on the radiator.

There is some feeling that those historically reckless French military convoys that ranked second only to the Luftwaffe as a source of Allied consternation are the main source of New York cab driving skills. And this phase of the cab driver situation is no some-are-and-some-aren't phase. As mentioned, even Hollywood has to recognize it, even though gallantly trying to excuse it as a manifestation of a high spirit and a lofty liver.

Here, when the cab driver is intent only on the process of wheeling his weapon through traffic — and not disillusioning the legend-

seeker by choice bits of repartee on his last queer fare or the status of the Brooklyn Dodgers — the cabbie is cut to a real pattern. He is a pure distillation of twentieth century materialism. He rides with no god but his accelerator. He brooks no sentiment but the click of his meter. He looks upon mankind as a series of tenpins. He makes Big Brother look like a Scoutmaster. The Mau Mau, beside his tribe, are minstrel-show funnymen. He is the atom bomb waiting to explode, the beast at poise. Neither the Samurai nor the Sioux has made such a cult of violence. Nowhere has the state of chivalry fallen so low or the rate of villainy risen so high.

THE CAB DRIVER is Juggernaut. All men are his enemies. Fellow cabbies are simply more to be feared and fought. The fare, huddled quaking in the back seat (having already properly been put in his place with a snarl after having audaciously attempted to ask the driver for his philosophy of life or the time of day), is mere ballast, or perhaps a projectile to be cleverly hurled through the front windshield by a superbly well-timed application of the brake.

There is no law east of Suez or north of a New York cab's radiator ornament. The cab driver is at perpetual odds with the mores of lesser men (e.g., the persecutionist police). Even the parking spaces reserved for cabs must be flouted and ignored, unless, of course, a civilian

steals into one. Cabs are to be parked, preferably, a-flank the ambulance waiting to take the expectant mother to the hospital; if not there, then on any corner where their presence makes a turn impossible. Speeds are, by some unwritten and unholy cab cabal, to be super-sonic on the downtown streets and snail-slow on the open, high-fare highway. The only excuse for a cabbie to take his horny hand off the/bleat-button that controls his impudent honker is for him to have to lean far from his window in order to shower obscenities upon other motorists or pedestrians. These obscenities are provoked, of course, by the act of breathing if by nothing else. All cab drivers are headed straight to hell on the point of obscenity and they do not, apparently, care to lose their tickets.

How quickly and universally this window-hooting overtakes the cabbies of the city was demonstrated by one worthy with whom I hurtled recently. A newcomer to the country, with a rich Balkan accent, he stared fixedly at a car trying to park, and in no way interfering with traffic. His eyes burned as his mind probed for the proper words in English. They weren't as good as they will be in a few years, of course, but he tried, as he shouted, "And how are you expecting to park it there? Hah! Sunday's driver." Then, still unsure of himself, he dropped his voice to an experi-

mental snarl, "Who are these bitches' sons what is driving now days?" Well, he has a lot to learn. But he will.

Now there was a lad who, if only the proper playwright or Hollywood man could have found him, might have been given a complete set of the Harvard Classics and told to bone up for posterity and the role of "typical" cab driver. He would have spoken like a proletarian genius at all times, laid the felons low, kept the laws and the peace, and looked exactly as William Bendix does in the movies. But no, he won't get the chance. No one ever has, except for the few freaks who drive a while and then knock off a book about how strange a world they lived in. They make it appear, of course, a world of continually dissolute women, all anxious for immediate back-seat loving; millionaire odd fellows looking for "human" advice, and so forth. Actually, of course, it's the world of tired housewives, busy executives, show-off youngsters, sometimes a drunken moneybags, but most of all people you, I, or the driver couldn't remember from one street corner to the next.

Our refugee driver, instead, will become an insupportably reckless and vulgar fellow with the demon's own disregard for human consideration and politeness. Beyond that he will be pretty much of a blank. Thus will he prosper in his profession.

DOLLARS FOR THE PENNIES IN YOUR POCKET

By Harry E. Moeller

"WHAT shall we do with these Indian-head pennies we've been saving for years?" my wife asked me one day.

I picked up the coins and examined them closely. Some of them were pretty old. "Maybe they are worth more than a cent now," I said. "But let's find out just what we can get for them."

The classified section of the telephone directory provided the name of a dealer in rare coins and the next day I dropped in to see him. He was more than willing to look over our coins, and his quick appraisal brought a pleasant surprise. One of the Indian-head pennies — dated 1876 — was worth about \$1.50, he indicated. The others ranged in value from 2¢ to 50¢ each, the price varying according to rarity and the condition of the particular coin. I also learned that a coin which has been in circulation should be in either *good* or *fine* condition to have much value. The latter classification brings the better price and applies when all details of the coin are still visible.

This experience stimulated my interest in American coinage. I discovered that many coins — including modern U.S. coins which often pass unnoticed through our hands — may be worth considerably more than face value if offered to a collector or dealer.

A Lincoln penny, made by the San Francisco Mint in 1931, for example, may bring you as much as 90¢ if it's in fine condition, while a similar penny made by the Denver Mint in 1914 has been quoted at around \$9.00. Some Indian-head pennies may be worth as much as \$17.50.

The U.S. Government now operates three mints and you can readily identify the source of any coin by its marking. Those originating at the Denver Mint carry the letter D, those of the San Francisco Mint, an S. If you find no mint mark at all, the coin probably originated at the Philadelphia Mint.

Coin collecting can be an interesting and inexpensive, casual hobby. It's one way to save money, too. A dime is never worth less than ten cents (disregarding inflation) but it may some day be worth a lot more. For instance, a 1927 D dime is now catalogued at \$5.00; an 1894 S dime may bring you over \$2,000.

You can easily check the value of your coins at any time against current coin catalogues which you will find available in most public libraries. So why not watch for and put aside any old coins you receive in change, especially those of a type no longer being minted and which are seldom obtained in circulation? You may find one which has unusual value!

TO HELL WITH



THE SYLLABUS

BY R. N. FARR

“Book equals Study equals Boredom.” Last spring I was invited to take over classes in Literature of the Western World at one of the universities in the New York area while the professor was nursing the flu. What I learned from teaching astonished me. I had not believed it possible for anyone to prevent humans of average intelligence, and young humans at that, from enjoying worthwhile books. I have heard of banning books in Boston, and of imposing fines upon students found reading rubbishy bestsellers, but I was not aware that there is something shameful about reading good books for pleasure.

Apparently my impression that the overwhelming reason for reading the good books is the delight they yield—a joy guaranteed by the considered judgment of mankind—is all wrong. For in the classroom I had it brought home to me that many of today’s students are reading to discover the social, economic and spiritual forces manifested in the masterpieces, but they are not reading for pleasure at all. A mention of Homer educes glum looks

from students, and when one makes reference to Shakespeare, these young people all give gestures of boredom as though his works were a dead language. They regard Dante as tedious, and Plutarch as downright monotonous.

Why? From my observation, the reason seems to be that good books have been so dissected, synthesized and amalgamated—then bottled, corked and labeled in the distillery of classroom criticism—that nearly all of what Trollope calls “the most perfect pleasure that God has prepared for His people” has been destroyed.

For example, the students I was asked to teach had just read Apuleius’ rich, ripe, bawdy yarn *The Golden Ass*. Yet a few questions tossed around the classroom revealed that not one of them had any notion of how poor Lucius came to be turned into an ass. What did they know of the book? They said that it was morally corrupting pagan literature from which Shakespeare had lifted a number of obscene ideas; and they contended that Christian writers had made an “honest woman” out of the pagan

prayer to Isis by turning it into a litany.

Earlier in the term, they had polished off both *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* in a single week, as a study of "primitive sociological symbolism" — whatever that might be.

Obviously, and almost meticulously, any vague ideas these students may have had that reading can be fun had been annihilated.

"To hell with following the syllabus," I said to myself. "These poor children are drowning in murky criticism and stagnant analysis." I immediately administered artificial respiration in the form of strong draughts of the most delightful passages in Western literature that I could recall from my own reading.

After reciting the exciting evidence of a devilish murder mystery concealed in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, I suddenly turned to the class and remarked: "Of all things a man can see with his eyes, the words of a good book enrich him the most — and that includes TV, Marilyn Monroe, and Grand Canyon!"

There was amazement in their eyes when I suggested, with illustrative examples, that Dickens, Dumas, Dostoevsky, and Dryden (to mention only the D's) did not write to give employment to critics, but to give to readers the kind of enjoyment Montaigne meant when he said that books relieve us from idleness, rescue us from bad company and blunt the edge of our grief.

ARE THEY normal in other ways, these collegians of 1953 for whom the bright edge of literature has been dulled? Unfortunately, they seem to have suffered. Their vocabularies have suffered. Many of them seem to get by wholly on interjections. "Wow!" they say when you announce an examination for next session. "Oh, man!" they exclaim when a pretty girl goes by. With such stunted vocabularies they seem to use their mouths only for eating, smoking, and drinking. When they are forced to turn in a composition, it usually contains many terrifying mistakes in rhetoric. And when it does contain some texture and eloquence, the teacher begins to wonder from what author it has been cribbed.

Was the situation I found in the classroom limited to that one college? Unfortunately, I have found that this was not so. Without exception, observers in other parts of the country have reported to me in their letters that similar conditions do exist elsewhere.

"I have never tried asking English majors whether they sought and read books for pleasure, but I think your proportion of one in fifty would be about normal in this institution. When I was an undergraduate, I behaved like the forty-nine — I who had been a five-or-six-books-a-week reader since the age of seven. There was nothing in my literature classes that drove me to read anything beyond the

assignments." This observation came from Edwin H. Adams of the University of Washington, whose weekly radio broadcast, "Reading for Fun," has had a following in the Seattle area since 1942.

It must be conceded, of course, that very few college students have the power to work steadily at academic subjects until their interest is aroused. At all levels of education, students need guidance in interpreting much of literature, especially poetry and older works, just as we did when we were in school. And it is obvious that some books, *Sartor Resartus* for example, possess little entertainment value. The student must not expect a great book to be a pushover. Indeed, he must be prepared to stretch his mind to meet the author at least a quarter of the way. If, after sincere effort, a man can find no pleasure in a classic, he may lay it aside and take up the sports page or the financial columns. But he should do so regretfully, for he is not depreciating the classic, but recording a limitation in himself.

CERTAINLY all of the blame for this present situation cannot be placed upon teachers and courses of study. It must be spread out to encompass the home. Few boys and girls have acquired a taste for books at home. Small wonder that professors are discouraged by trying to arouse interest term after term in students who have never learned

to read for themselves. It may be only human nature for our instructors to fall back upon what can be weighed and measured, as people often do when they are confronted with a seemingly hopeless situation.

"I'm in the fifties," writes Joseph Henry Jackson, literary editor of *The San Francisco Chronicle*. "When I was a boy, all kids read much more than they do now. They read because their parents had books. There weren't half as many other things to do on a rainy day. So, since there were books, and since there were no other distractions, and since Father and Mother were readers, one learned to read for pleasure. There was even a fine old family custom of reading aloud."

A generation or so ago, this changed. Today's youths have not been exposed to the idea of books anywhere except in school, where a book automatically becomes associated with the classroom. With them, unconsciously, book equals study. It never had a chance to mean anything else.

Many of today's readers seem to prefer books which purport to tell them something about their earning-process, or hobbies, or "how to do it's." Look at the phenomenal sales of books on how to gain weight and how to lose weight, how to invest money, how to build a house, and even the one called *How To Live A Fuller Life*. In the case of that last one, to be sure, they've got the wrong book!

ANOTHER point to consider: what about those publishers who put out textbooks containing samples of the great works set up like classified ads — three columns to the page and in type so small your eyes begin to hurt after reading a single chapter? This is a double crime: first, against the great works they profess to expound; second, against the students.

"Classical literature was spoiled by being taught with over-emphasis on precision — and particularly on grammatical usage and syntactical explanation," writes Professor Gilbert Highet in his book *The Classical Tradition* (Oxford University Press). He refers to what Butler called "insistence on the minutest details," and Osler, "dry husks."

One very excellent way to drive young minds to read for pleasure is the drama.

Certainly, the dramatic reading of a play, or of a book, gives the work new dimensions and stimulates interest. What young person would not rather see the movie than read the book? Although not every professor can be an Emlyn Williams or a Charles Laughton, reading aloud in class will help to send students hunting for further adventures in literature. Isn't this better than a knock-down, drag-out factual breakdown of a book which leaves the students with a notion that both the teacher and the author under discussion ought to see

their psychiatrists before it is too late?

The real problem is to get young people to know and love great books, in the first place. After that, there will be plenty of time for analysis and criticism, and the youngsters can still tear a book apart — if they still wish to.

I move that something realistic be done to reveal the source of enjoyment in good books not only to our students but also to our friends and neighbors. I believe that this could be a happier world, if not a better one, to live in, and that we could have greater cause for confidence in the future if this generation, and the rising generation, learned to read widely, read hugely, read with catholicity, and above all to read with enjoyment.

Anybody got any suggestions?



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